THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

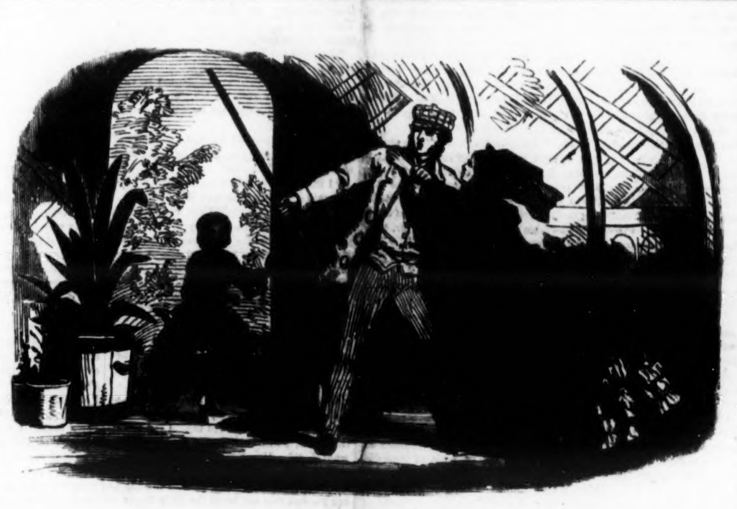
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &C.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2078. }



THE SCENE IN THE SUMMER HOUSE.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Out and in, the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land,
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one foot on the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning,
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north winds
The tones of the far-off bell?

The voyager smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE GIRL. MRS. EDWIN BARLEY.

An express train was whirling along a line of rails in the heart of England. On one of the first class carriages there had been a board bearing an intimation "For ladies only," but the guard had taken it off when the train first started. It had come many miles since. Seated inside, the only passenger in that compartment, was a little girl in deep mourning. All was black about her, save the white frills of her drawers, which peeped below her short, black, flounced frock. A thoughtful, gentle child, with a smooth pale forehead, earnest eyes, and long dark eyelashes that swept her cheek. It was a gloomy September day, foggy and threatening rain, a *sad* looking day, and the child's face seemed to have borrowed the aspect of the weather, for it was pervaded by a tinge of sadness. That little girl was myself, Anne Hereford.

The train whirled in to a large, important station, larger than any we had passed; everybody seemed to be getting out, and the guard came up to the carriage: "Now, my little lady," said he, "change lines here, and stop for ten minutes."

I liked that guard. He had a kind, hearty face, and he had come up several times to the carriage during the journey, asking how I got on. He told me he had a little girl of his own, about as old as I.

"Are you hungry?" said he, as he lifted me from the carriage.

"Not very, thank you. I have eaten the biscuits."

"Halloa! Stern!" called out he, stopping a man who was hurrying past. "Are you going with the Nettleby train?"

"Yes. What if I am?" was the man's answer. He was rightly named Stern, for he had a stern, sour face.

"See this little girl. She is in the guard's charge. To be put in the ladies' carriage, and taken on to Nettleby."

The man gave a short nod by way of answer, and hurried away. And the guard took me into a large room where crowds were pressing round a counter. "Here, Miss Williams," he said to one of the young women behind it. "Give this little lady something to eat and drink, and take care of her till the Nettleby train starts. She's to have what comes to a shilling."

"What will you take, my dear?" asked she.

The counter was so full of good things that I did not know what, but fixed at length upon a plum tart. Miss Williams laughed, and said I had better eat some sandwiches first and the tart afterwards.

She was pouring me out a cup of coffee when the guard came up again. "Your baggage is changed, little lady," said he. "You'll find it all right at the Nettleby station. Good day."

"Good bye, and thank you," I answered, holding out my hand that he might shake it. I felt sorry to part with him. Soon after, the surly guard put in his head and beckoned to me. He marshalled me to a carriage which had a similar board upon it to the other, "For ladies only," and shut me in without a word. Two ladies sat opposite to me. They did not speak either; but they stared a great deal. I felt sure it must be at the two tarts I held in a paper bag, which Miss Williams had given to me, for I had only time to eat the sandwiches in the room, and felt ashamed of them (the tarts) forthwith.

At the next station another lady was put in, and she began to talk to me at once. "Are you travelling all alone?"

"Yes, ma'am. The guard takes care of me!"

"Have you come far?"

I had come from a remote part of Devonshire, the sea coast. It seemed a long way to me, and I said so.

"Will you tell me your name? I daresay it is a pretty one."

"It is Anne Hereford."

"Devonshire is a very nice part of the country. Have you lived in it all your life?"

"Not quite. I was born in India. Mamma brought me to England when I was three years old."

"You are in deep mourning. Is it for a near relative?"

I did not answer. I turned to look out at the window till the tears which had come into my eyes should go away again. I could not bear that strangers should see me weep. The lady asked again, and presently I turned round.

"For mamma."

She was silent for some time, looking at me.

"Is your papa dead also?"

"He died a long while before mamma did."

You say you were born in India: perhaps he was an officer?"

"He was Colonel Hereford."

"How many brothers and sisters have you?"

"Not any."

"Where are you going to live?"

"I don't know. I am going now to my Aunt Selina's."

The train approached a station and the lady got out, or she probably would have asked me a great deal more. At the station, following that, the two silent ladies got out, and I was alone again. The first thing I did was to eat my tarts and throw away the paper bag; and the next was, to—drop asleep.

The guard's surly voice aroused me. "This is Nettleby, if you are a going to get out. He said something about some luggage: how much is it?"

"A large box and a small one, and two carpet bags. Miss Hereford, passenger to Nettleby, is written on them," was my answer. "Can you please to tell me whether Mr. Edwin Barley lives near, or far off?"

"I don't know any Mr. Edwin Barley. Jem," added he to one of the porters, "see after her. I'm going to hand out her things."

"Where do you want to goo, Miss?"

"To Mr. Edwin Barley's. They told me I must get out at the Nettleby station, and ask to be sent there. Is it far, please?"

"You must mean Mr. Edwin Barley of near Hallam."

"Yes, that's it. Is it far?"

"Well, Hallam's about five miles off, and his house is a mile on this side it. There ain't no rail; you must go by the omnibus."

Soon we were jogging along, I, my luggage, the omnibus, and some more passengers. What a long while it seemed! And the hedges and trees looked very dreary, for the shades of evening were gathering.

At the foot of a hill the omnibus pulled up, and a man who had sat by the driver came round. "Ain't there somebody inside for Mr. Edwin Barley's?"

"Yes. I am."

I got out, and the luggage was put upon the ground. "Two shillings, Miss."

"Two shillings!" I uttered, in an accent of alarm.

"Why, did you expect to come for one—and inside too! It's uncommon cheap, is this omnibus."

"Oh, it is not that. But I have not any money."

"Not got any money!"

"They did not give me any. They gave the guard my fare to Nettleby."

The man went up to the driver. "I say, Bill, this child says she's got no money."

The driver turned round and looked at me. "We can call at the Barley's for it: I daresay it's all right. Do you belong to the Barley's, Miss? What's your name?

"Miss Hereford. I am come to stay with Mrs. Edwin Barley. She is my aunt."

"Oh, it's all right. Get up, Joe."

"But please," said I, stopping the man in an agony of fear—for I could see no house, or sign of one, save a small, round, low building that might contain one room, "which is Mr. Edwin Barley's? Am I to stop in the road with the boxes?"

The man laughed, said he had supposed I knew, and shouted out at the top of his voice, "Here, missis! you see this big green gate, Miss: well, that leads up to Mr. Barley's, and that's his lodge."

A woman came out of the lodge door in answer to the shout, and opened the gate. She was wiping her hands with a coarse apron she wore; they seemed to be all soapsuds. The man explained, put the trunks inside the gate, and the omnibus drove on.

"I beg pardon that I can't go up to the house with you, Miss, but it's not far, and you can't miss it," said she. "I have got my baby sick in its cradle, and daredn't leave it alone. You are little Miss Hereford?"

"Yes"

"It's odd they never sent to meet you at Nettleby, if they knew you were coming! But they have got visitors at the house, and perhaps young madam forgot it. Straight on, Miss, and you'll soon come to the hall door; go up the steps, and give a good peal at the bell."

It was a broad, gravel path, wide enough for two carriages to pass each other, with a thick grove of trees on either side. The path wound round, and I had just got in sight of the house when I was startled considerably by what looked like a man's face projecting beyond the trees. He was gazing steadfastly at the house, but he turned and looked at me. It was an ugly, dark face; a face I shrank from. At this period of my life people used to tell me that I was too ready to take likes and dislikes; and I suppose I was: but as I grew older I learnt that God had given me the faculty, in an eminent degree, of discerning the good from the bad in a human countenance.

I never spoke; nor the man to me; but in my alarm I sprang to the other side of the walk, and glad enough was I to see lights from several of the windows in front of me. I thought it a very large house: I found afterwards that it contained, in all, eighteen rooms, and some of them small: but then we had lived in a pretty cottage of six. There was no need to ring. At the open door stood a man and maid servant, giggling and whispering together.

"Who are you?" cried the girl.

"I want Mrs. Edwin Barley."

"Then I think want must be your master. It's somebody from Hallam, I suppose. Mrs. Barley's dressing for dinner."

"You must go away, little girl," added the footman, pompously, "and come to-morrow, earlier, if you want anything."

It was a dreadful chill. I did not cry, but I felt inclined to it. I stood there, saying nothing.

"Why don't you go?" asked the girl, sharply.

"I have not any where to go to. My boxes are down at the gate."

"Why, who are you?" she resumed, in a quiet tone.

"Miss Hereford."

"Sakes alive!" she uttered in a low voice to her companion. "I beg your pardon, Miss; I'll call Charlotte Delves."

"What's that? who will you call?" shrieked out a fresh comer from the back of the hall. "Call 'Charlotte Delves,' will you! Go in to your work this instant, you impudent huzzy."

"I didn't know you were there, Miss Delves," said the girl, deprecatingly. "The young lady's come: Miss Hereford."

A good looking woman of thirty five came forward, the 'Miss Delves,' or 'Charlotte' Delves. I could not tell whether she was a lady or a maid. She wore a small, stylish cap, and a muslin dress with flounces.

"How do you do, Miss Hereford? walk in. Bet we did not expect you till next week. Mrs. Barley is in the drawing-room, just come down from dressing for dinner."

She ran up stairs, and I followed her. She opening a door, from whence came a warm glow of fire-light. "Wait there a moment," she said, and went in. "Mrs. Edwin, the child has come."

"What child?" returned a voice, a young, gay, sweet voice.

"Little Miss Hereford."

"My goodness! come to-day! And I with no mourning about me, to speak of. Well, let her come in."

I knew my Aunt Selina again in a moment. She had stayed with us in Devonshire for three months two years before, when she was nineteen. The same lovely, lovely face, with its laughing blue eyes and its shining golden hair. She wore an embroidered clear muslin white dress, with low body and sleeves, and a few black ribbons; jet bracelets and a long jet chain.

"You darling child! But what made you come in this strange way, without notice?"

"Mr. Sterling said he wrote to you, Aunt Selina, that I should be here on Thursday. You ought to have had the letter yesterday."

"Well, so he did. But I thought—how stupid I must have been!" she interrupted, with a sudden laugh. "I declare I took it to mean next Thursday. But you are all the more welcome, dear. You have grown prettier, Anne, with those deep eyes of yours."

I stood before her very gravely: I had *dreaded* the meeting, believing it would be one of sobs and lamentation for my mother. I had not taken into account how careless and light-headed Selina was. I often called her "Selina," following the example of mamma; and she was not married then. She used to say she liked it better than "Aunt Selina."

She took off my bonnet, and pulled me to her. "It is our dinner hour, but I daresay they won't be in yet. They are out shooting, and when they go to the covers far away there's no depending upon them, so we can have a little talk to ourselves. How very strange, Anne, that your mamma should go off so quickly at the last! Why, it was only two weeks before her death that she wrote to tell me she was ill."

"She was ill longer than that, Aunt Selina, but she did not tell any one until she knew there was danger. She did not tell me."

"It was a renewal of that old complaint she had in India: that inward complaint."

I turned my head from her: I did not like her to see my wet eyes. "They told me it was her heart, Aunt Selina."

"Yes: in a measure: that had something to do with it. It must have been a sad parting, Anne. Why, child! you are sobbing!"

"Please don't talk of it."

"But I must talk of it: I like to have my curiosity gratified," said she, in her quick way. "Did the doctors say from the first that there was no hope?"

"Mamma knew there was no hope when she wrote to you. She had told me so the day before."

"I wonder she told you at all."

"Oh, Aunt Selina! That fortnight was too short for the leave taking; for all she had to tell me. It will be years, perhaps, before we meet again."

"Meet again! Why, what do you mean?"

"Before I shall go to her in Heaven. I wish they were past."

"You are a strange child! Ursula has infected you, I see, with her serious notions. I used to tell her there was time enough for it years hence."

"And mamma used to tell you that perhaps if you put off and put off, the years hence might never come for you, Aunt Selina."

"What, you remember, do you," she said, with a smile. "Yes, she used to lecture me: she was fifteen years older than I, and had a right to do so."

"She never *lectured*: what she said was always kind and gentle," was my sobbing answer.

"Yes, yes. You think me insensible now, Anne, but my grief is over—that is, the violence of the grief. When the letter came to say Ursula was dead, I cried the whole day, never ceasing."

"Mamma had a warning of her death," I said.

"Had a what?"

"A warning. The night before she was taken ill—I mean dangerously ill—she dreamt she saw papa in a most beautiful place, all light and flowers; no place on earth could ever have been so beautiful, except the Garden of Eden. He beckoned her to come to him, and pointed to a vacant place by his side, saying, 'It is ready for you now, Ursula.' Mamma awoke then, and the words were sounding in her ears; she could have felt sure that they were positively spoken. She told us of the dream the next morning."

"Told *us*! Whom do you mean?"

"Me, and our old servant, Betty. She told me what a pleasant dream it was, that she was sorry to awake from it: but after she grew ill she said she knew it was sent as a warning."

"Child," returned my aunt, "you have lived boxed up with that stupid old Betty and your mamma till you are like a little grave woman. Ursula was always superstitious. You will say you believe in ghosts next."

"No, I do not believe in ghosts. I should not like to; I should not like to see one. But mamma said that never a Carew died yet but they had warning first: though often they did not notice the warnings."

"There, that will do, Anne. I am a Carew, and I don't want to be frightened into watching for a 'warning.' You are a Carew also, by the mother's side. Do you know, my poor child, that you are not left well off?"

"Yes; mamma told me. I don't mind."

"Don't mind!" laughed Aunt Selina. "That's because you don't understand. What little your mamma had, left she has sunk in an annuity for your education. Eighty pounds a year you will have until you are eighteen; and the trustees can only lay it out on education."

"I said I did not mind, Aunt Selina, because I am not afraid of getting my own living. Mamma said that with a thoroughly good education, and being of gentle birth, I could make sure of a superior situation as governess in a high family. She told me not to fear, for God would take care of me."

"Some money might be desirable, for all that," returned my aunt, in a tone that sounded full of irreligion and irreverence. "The maddest step Colonel Hereford ever took was that of selling out. He thought to better himself, and he spent and lost the money, leaving your mamma with very little when he died."

"I don't think mamma much cared for money, Aunt Selina."

"I don't think she did, or she would not have taken matters so quietly. Do you remember, Anne, how she used to go on at me when I said I should marry Edwin Barley."

"Mamma told you it was not right to marry for money, I remember."

"Quite true," she laughed. "She used to put her hands to her ears when I said I hated him. Now! what are those earnest eyes of yours searching me for?"

"*Do* you hate him, Aunt Selina?"

"I am not dying of love for him, you strange child."

"Is he ugly?"

She burst out into a peal of laughter. "Oh, he is very handsome, Anne; as handsome as the day: when you see him you shall tell me if you don't think so. I ——. What is the matter? What are you looking at?"

"I thought some one was coming in."

"Coming in where?"

"At that door," I said, pointing to one at the end of the room behind her. "I saw it open, as if some one were pushing it gently."

"The fire light must have deceived you, Anne. That door is kept bolted; it leads to a passage communicating with my bed room, but we don't use it."

"I am certain that I saw it open, aunt," was my answer, and a fear came over me that it might be the man I saw in the avenue. "It is shut now; it shut again when I spoke."

She rose, walked to the door, and tried to open it, but it was fast.

"You see, Anne. Don't you get fanciful, my dear; that is what your mamma was."

"Mamma saw things very clearly, Aunt Selina, clearer than many people; that is why you called her fanciful. Aunt, did not Mr. Edwin Barley want me to go to Mrs. Hemson's, instead of coming here?"

"Who told you that?"

"I heard Mr. Sterling talking of it with mamma."

"Did you hear the reason he gave—Mr. Edwin Barley?"

"No."

"You should have heard that—it was so flattering to me. He said I was too giddy to take charge of a young lady. But Ursula would not accept the objection; it could not matter for a few weeks, she replied, whether I were giddy or serious; and she could not possibly think of consigning you to Mrs. Hemson, even for a week or two. She wrote, herself, to Mr. Edwin Barley."

"Aunt, what was it that Mrs. Hemson did? It was something wrong, I know, but mamma never told me."

"She did just the opposite to me, Anne. I married for money, and she for love. She was a Carew, cousin to me and Ursula, but Ursula's age: older in fact; and she became acquainted with a stranger at a watering-place, and married him."

"Why should she not have married him?"

"He was a tradesman. A good looking, educated man; I grant that; but a tradesman. Never was such a thing heard of, as for a Carew to stoop to a tradesman. You see, Anne, until she was over head and ears in love with him, she did not know his position, for they were both visitors at the watering-place. Of course she ought to have given him up. Not she; she gave herself and her money to him, and a very pretty little fortune she had."

"What did her mamma say?"

"She had none. Her father and mother were dead, and she was her own mistress. Therefore, it cannot be said that she married in disobedience, for she was responsible to nobody. But she, a Carew, ought to have known better. We three Carews have all married badly, in one way, if not in another; she, your mamma, and I."

Mrs. Edwin Barley was speaking dreamily then, as if forgetting I was there.

"She, Frances, married the tradesman, and put a barrier between herself and her family; Ursula married Colonel Hereford, to wear out a few of her best years in India, and then to die in poverty, and leave an unprovided-for child, and I have married him, Edwin Barley. Which is the worst, I wonder?"

I thought over what she said in my busy mind.

"Aunt Selina, you say you married Mr. Edwin Barley because he is rich."

"Well."

"Why did you, when you were rich yourself?"

"*I* rich? You will know better than to count a paltry sum of four thousand pounds riches, when you grow up, Anne. Its interest would just keep me in dress—in the way I like to dress—and that's all. I had the choice, at my father's death, of living humdrumming with Ursula, or of going into a boarding house—for we have no relations—or of securing a position by marrying; and I chose the latter. Your mamma had four thousand pounds, also, but it was not settled upon her, and Colonel Hereford got hold of it. That put a notion in my father's head, and he tied mine up tight enough, securing it to my absolute use, and leaving it at my own disposal when I die."

"Will it be Mr. Barley's when you die?"

"Were I to die before next Monday, it would be yours, pussy, for it is so left. After that, were I to die without a will, it would be Mr. Edwin Barley's; but I shall be of age next Monday, and can then make one. I think it must be my first care, a will;" she laughed. "So munificent a sum to dispose of! Shall I leave it to you?"

The room-door was pushed open and some one suddenly entered. A shortish man, a man of forty years, dressed in a velveteen shooting coat and gaiters, with a dark face; it was the same ill-favored countenance that had peeped out from the trees. Not that the features, in themselves, were particularly ill-favored, but their expression was evil. I shrank round to the other side of my aunt.

"Where are you going, child?" she said, "this is Mr. Edwin Barley."

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE HENEAGE—THE SHOT IN THE WOOD.

That Mr. Edwin Barley? I was a child, knowing as little what marriage meant as a child can well do, but the thought that came over me was, How could Selina have married him? Could it have been he, the intruder at the door?

"Who's that, Selina?" he inquired.

"Anne Hereford. Fancy my making so stupid a mistake as to conclude it was next Thursday the lawyer meant. And she has had to find her way from Nettleby in the best way she could."

He looked at me with his black eyes, the blackest eyes I had ever seen, and they bore a stern, threatening expression; it seemed to forbid all mention of my having seen him in the avenue. No fear that I should speak of it; my heart was beating with too sensible a terror.

"Did you walk from Nettleby, little one?"

"No, sir. I came in the omnibus to the gate."

"She has been asking me if you were very handsome; and I told her to wait and see," observed Selina, with a laugh that sounded to me like one of mockery. He made no reply, but a sharp scowl passed over his contracted brow. She continued,

"By the way, Mr. Barley, how is it you are home before the rest? And where are they? Charlotte Delves said the dinner was spoiling, half an hour ago."

"They are not far behind," was the answer. "I'll go and dress."

As he went out of the room we heard sounds of voices and laughter. Three gentlemen, dressed something like Mr. Edwin Barley, were approaching the house with game, guns, and dogs. My aunt opened the window.

"Can you see them by this light, Anne?"

"I can see that two are young and one is old. He has gray hair."

"Not very old, not more than fifty—but he is so stout. It is Mr Martin, our parson."

"Do parsons go out shooting?"

"Only when they can get the chance," she laughed. "That young one is Philip King, a ward of Mr. Edwin Barley's. He fell in love with me when he was here at Easter, so I keep him at arm's length now, and it puts him in a passion. He is terribly ill-tempered."

"And the other?"

"The other is George Heneage. Hush! he is coming up."

George Heneage entered. A young and slender man, tall and graceful, with dark waving hair, pale features, and a merry smile. Mrs. Edwin Barley went and stood near the fire, and he took her hand.

"Well! And how have you been all day? Dull?"

It was the pleasantest voice! quite a contrast after that of Mr. Barley.

"Much any of you care whether I am dull or gay," she returned in answer, half laughing, half pouting. "The partridges get all your time, just now. I might be dead and buried, and gone to Heaven, before you came home; any of you."

"Can I help it, Selina?" he asked, in a low, meaning tone. "Did Barley come home an hour or two ago?"

"Not that I know of."

"It strikes me he did. Look here. About four o'clock I quitted the party for an hour; when I got back, Barley had vanished, and we saw no more of him; they said he disappeared soon after me. Now I fancy the suspicious cur thought—"

"Hush!" and Mrs. Edwin Barley extended her finger towards where I stood, half shaded by the window curtain.

"Who on earth's that?"

"It is little Anne Hereford. She has come a week before I expected her. Anne, come forward, and let Mr. Heneage make love to you. It is a pastime he favors."

He lifted me up by the waist, looked at me, and put me down again.

"A pretty little face to make love to. How old are you?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Eleven in years, older in quiet and thoughtfulness," said Aunt Selina. "She has always lived with old people; never had any brothers or sisters."

"Dare I venture to your presence, in this trim, Mrs. Edwin Barley?"

The speaker was the Reverend Mr. Martin, who came slowly in, pointing to his attire. "It is Barley's fault, and you must blame him. He invited me to say grace at your table to-day, and then disappeared, keeping us waiting for him until now, and giving me no time to go home and make myself presentable."

"Never mind, Mr. Martin, there are worse misfortunes at sea," she laughed. "I have sat down with gentlemen in shooting coats before to-day, and enjoyed my dinner none the worse for it. Is that you, Miss Delves?" she called out, as footsteps were passing the door.

Miss Delves came in.

"What is it, Mrs. Edwin?"

"Tell them, please, that they may be serving the dinner; the gentlemen will be ready in five minutes. And take this child; she must have some tea."

We went to a small parlor on the ground floor. Miss Delves said it was her own sitting-room, and rang the bell. The maid, who had been gossiping at the front door, came in to answer it.

"Are you at tea, Jemima?"

"Yes, Miss Delves."

"I thought so; there's no regularity, unless I am about everything myself, and positively see the meals placed on the table. Bring in a cup for Miss Hereford, and some bread and butter."

They both left the room. I supposed that Miss Delves, or somebody else, was going to dine presently, for a cloth was spread over one end of the table, with a knife and fork, the cruet stand and salt-cellar. Presently Jemima came back with a small tray which had my tea upon it. She seemed a free and easy sort of girl, sat herself down in a chair, and began chattering. Another servant came in with a small jar of preserves.

"Miss Delves has sent some jam for the young lady, if she'd like it. Or will she have a slice of cold meat, she says?"

"I'll have the jam, please."

"That's right, Miss," laughed Jemima. "Sweets is good."

"Arn't you coming to your tea, Jemima?" asked the girl. "There'll be a fuss if she comes in and finds you have not begun it."

"Bother the tea! We are not obliged to swallow it down just at the minute she pleases."

"We are obliged, though. Where were you, that you couldn't come to it before?"

"That's telling," laughed Jemima.

"I know. You were dodging about in the hall and out of doors, waiting for that handsome George Heneage."

"Don't be a fool," returned Jemima.

"*I'm* not a fool; and I don't intend to make myself into one. I say, what do you think I saw? Young King—"

Jemima gave her a warning shake of the head, and pointed to me. "Drink up your tea, Miss, and Sarah shall fetch you another cup."

"I shall not want any more, thank you."

They began talking again, and were deep in some contention, which was carried on in a half whisper, when steps were heard approaching. Sarah caught up the plate of bread and butter, and stood as if she were handing it to me, and Jemima stirred the fire vigorously. It had been warm in the day, but the bit of lighted fire in the grates looked pleasant in the autumn evening. The footsteps passed on.

"How stupid you are, startling one!" cried Jemima to the other.

"I thought it was Charlotte Delves, never trust me if I didn't."

"She's in the kitchen, and won't come out of it till the dinner's gone in. She's in one of her tempers to-day."

"Is Charlotte Delves the mistress?" I could not help asking.

Both the maids burst out laughing. "A deal more mistress than the one who's mistress in name, if every thing were known," said Jemima significantly.

"Hush!" reproved the other. "She may go and repeat it again."

Jemima looked at me. "No, she don't look like one of the tale telling sort. You won't go and repeat in the drawing room the nonsense we foolish servants talk, will you, Miss Hereford?"

"Of course I will not. Mamma taught me never to carry tales; she said it made mischief."

"And so it does," cried Jemima. "Your mamma was a nice lady, I know: wasn't she Mrs. Edwin Barley's sister?"

"Jemima, here she is!" interrupted Sarah, in a flurry. And off she darted.

Charlotte Delves came in. "What are you waiting for?" she cried in asperity to Jemima.

"I'm come to ask if the young lady will take anything more," was the reply.

"When Miss Hereford wants anything I'll ring."

Jemima retired. I went on with my tea, and Miss Delves began asking me all sorts of questions about home and mamma. We were interrupted by a footman. He was bringing the fish out of the dining room, and he laid the dish, with the fish sauce, down on the table. Miss Delves turned her chair towards it, and began her dinner. I found that this was her usual manner of dining, but I thought it a curious one. The dishes, as they came out of the dining room, were placed before her, and she helped herself. Her other meals she took when she pleased, Jemima generally waiting upon her. I did wonder who she could be.

"You are to go into the drawing-room for a few minutes, Miss Hereford, before retiring to bed."

It was Miss Delves who spoke, and it was Jemima who marshalled me there. She opened the door quietly, and I stole in, seen, I believe, by nobody.

Standing before the fire, talking, were the clergyman and Mr. Edwin Barley. A stranger might have taken the one for the other, for the clergyman was in his sporting clothes, and Mr. Barley was all in black, with a white neckcloth. More repulsive to me did he look than ever, and I quite shuddered at him. On a distant sofa, apparently reading a newspaper, sat Philip King: he had handsome features, but a strange expression; a savage sort of expression disfigured them then. He held the newspaper nearly level with his face, and I saw that his eyes, instead of being on it, were watching the movements of Mrs. Edwin Barley. She was at the piano, not so much singing or playing as trying scraps of songs and pieces, Mr. Heneage leaning over her chair and talking to her. I went quietly round by the chairs at the back, and sat down on the low footstool at the corner of the hearth. The clergyman saw me and smiled: Mr. Barley did not; he stood with his back to me. He also seemed to be watching the piano, or those at it, as he spoke confidentially with the clergyman.

"I disagree with you entirely, Barley," Mr. Martin was saying. "Rely upon it, he'll be all the better and happier for following a profession. Why, at Easter, he had made up his mind to read for the Bar!"

"Young men are changeable as the wind: those who have fortunes to place them at ease in the world," replied Mr. Barley. "Philip was red-hot for the Bar at Easter, as you observe, but something appears to have set him against it now."

"You, as his guardian and trustee, should urge it upon him: that, or some other occupation. A life of idleness plays the very ruin with some natures; and it strikes me that Philip King has no great resources within him to counteract the mischief. What is the amount of his property?" resumed Mr. Martin, after a pause.

"About eighteen hundred pounds a year the estate brings in."

"Nonsense! I thought it was only ten or twelve."

"Eighteen, full. Reginald's was a long minority, you know."

"Well, if it brought in eight-and-twenty, I should still say give him a profession. Let him have some legitimate occupation for his days; occupy his hands and his head, and they won't get into mischief. That's sound advice, mind, Barley."

"Quite sound," rejoined Mr. Barley; but there was a tone in his voice throughout that, to me, seemed to tell of want of sincerity. "I have no power to force a profession upon him: and I should not exercise it if I had. Shall I tell you why?"

"Well?"

"I don't think his lungs are of the strongest: in my opinion he is likely to go off as his brother did."

"Of consumption!" hastily uttered the clergyman; and Mr. Barley nodded.

"Therefore why urge him to fag at acquiring a profession which he may not live to exercise?" Mr. Barley resumed. "He looks anything but well; and is nothing like as robust as he was at Easter."

Mr. Martin turned his head and attentively scanned the face of Philip King. "I see nothing the matter with him, Barley; except that he looks uncommonly cross. I hope you are mistaken."

"I hope I am. I saw a whole row of medicine phials in his room yesterday, and he told me they contained steel medicine and tonics; the physician at Oxford had ordered them. And, the next time you dine with him, notice what he eats; it's a mere nothing. The commencement of Reginald's malady was loss of appetite and failing strength, for which the doctors prescribed tonics."

Once more Mr. Martin turned his eyes on Philip King. "How old was Reginald when he died?"

"Twenty three. Three years older than Philip is now."

"Well, poor fellow, I hope he'll outlive it and get strong. It would be a nice windfall, his money, for somebody to drop into. Who is heir-at-law?"

"I am."

"You?"

"Of course I am," was the quiet reply of Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Nurse him up, nurse him up, then," said the clergyman, jokingly. "Lest, if any thing did happen, the world should say you had not done your best to prevent it: for you know you are a dear lover of money, Barley."

There may have been a great deal more said, but I did not hear it. My head had sought the wall for its resting place, and sleep stole over me.

Mrs. Edwin Barley appeared the next day in deep mourning. "I had been tempted to put it off for a cool dress yesterday evening," she said to me; "for, what with the dinner, and the fire they *will* have, though I'm sure it is not weather for it, I was melted in my black."

"Aunt Selina," I said, burning to have my curiosity satisfied, "who is Miss Delves? Is she a lady or a servant?"

My aunt laughed. "You had better not let her hear you call her a servant, Anne; she'd never forgive it."

"But, if she is not a servant, why does she not sit in the drawing-room, and dine with you?"

"Because I don't choose that it shall be so," returned my aunt, tossing her head with a haughty gesture. "She is a distant relation of the Barley's; and before I came here was housekeeper and mistress. She has no money; and, but for living here, would positively be obliged to go out as housekeeper in a family, or take some situation of the sort. When I came home first, she was planted down to table with us. I did not like it: I told my husband that she or I must be its mistress, but not both, and I left them to settle it. Since then, she has taken the parlor for her sitting-room, and manages the house. I have no objection to that, it saves me the trouble, and I hate anything like domestic management. Now and then I invite her in to take tea with us, and we are vastly polite to each other always. A hint has been dropped me that she and Mr. Edwin Barley—"

She stopped suddenly. "What were you going to say, aunt?"

"Nothing more, child. I forgot to whom I was speaking. It may not have been true," she added, musingly. "And, if it were, I don't care. Well, pet, did you think Mr. Edwin Barley handsome?"

"No. Why did you marry him, Aunt Selina?"

"People say for money, Anne. I say it was fate."

"Did he persuade you?"

"Yes, that he did. Persuaded, cajoled, worried me: he was two years talking me into it, and dying for love all the time."

"Did he love you?"

"Ay. And does still. Though I have provoked him out of a great portion of it. There's only one thing he likes better than me, and that's money."

"Money!"

"Pretty little pieces of gold and silver, new crisp bank notes, yellow old deeds of parchment. If Edwin Barley does not live to become a wretched miser, Anne, I am not his wife: his love for gold amounts to a passion. Good morning, Mr. King. How are you? You were not down to breakfast, I understand. I was too lazy to get up."

"I was down to breakfast. I took it with Mr. Edwin Barley in his study."

"You two cross old curmudgeons! leaving George Heneage alone in his glory. Had I suspected that, I would have got up to breakfast with him."

She seemed to speak the last in a spirit of mischief, and a saucy look shot from her dark blue eyes.

"I think you and Heneage breakfast together rather too often, as it is, Mrs. Edwin."

"You do. Then you'll have the goodness to keep such thoughts to yourself, and not intrude them upon me. Or reserve them for Mr. Edwin Barley: he will jump at them. But take you care, sir, that Mr. Heneage does not pay you your deserts."

"Mrs. Barley, what do you mean?" he asked, his lips quivering.

"Just what I say. You have taken to peep and pry after me; whether set on by my worthy husband, you best know. It will not serve you, Philip King: if there be one thing I *hate*, it is a spy."

George Heneage came into the room as the last words were spoken, and there broke out a quarrel that terrified me. I ran out of the room; I ran back again; I don't know what I did. Mrs. Edwin Barley seemed as excited as they were. Child though I was, I knew it was wrong when I heard her say in her passion that she loved the little finger of George Heneage better than she did the whole ugly body of her husband, and that she hated and despised Philip King. The terror that came over me was, lest Mr. Edwin Barley should come in and witness it: but they had said after breakfast that he was gone over to his brother's, Mr. Barley's.

Looking back through the vista of years, and reflecting as I can reflect now, I can but suppose that Selina Barley was actuated by some spirit of aggravation: perhaps her husband had provoked her that morning in private, perhaps Philip King had offended her. Who knows? It was an awful ending that came to it.

Jemima came by as I stood there, frightened and in tears. "What is the matter, Miss Hereford?" she asked. "Goodness me, how you are trembling!"

"They are quarrelling, in there; Mr. Heneage and Mr. King. I am afraid they will fight."

"Oh, it has come to it, has it," said Jemima, apathetically. "I thought it would. Never mind them, Miss Hereford; they won't hurt you."

She went on, up stairs, with a pail she was carrying, and I looked into the room again. Mr. Heneage, livid with rage, held Philip King by the collar of his coat.

"Mark me, you hound!" he hissed forth. "If I catch you dodging my movements, or those of Mrs. Edwin Barley, I'll take your life; I will, by heaven! A spy deserves no better than to die a felon's death, and I'll shoot you, or hang you up to the nearest tree."

I can't tell how it ended for the time; I ran away up stairs to the room I had slept in, and there I sobbed out my fit of terror. In my own quiet home I had never seen or heard the faintest shadow of a quarrel.

Jemima came in search of me.

"Miss Hereford you are to be dressed. Mrs. Barley is going to take you out in the little carriage."

I washed my face and my red eyes, was dressed, and went down. At the door stood a low, open carriage, large and wide, drawn by a pony. Mrs. Barley was in it, Mr. Heneage drove, and I sat on a stool at their feet. We turned off the high road, down green lanes, and quiet places, and were out about two hours. They talked in an under tone, and I tried not to listen: but I am compelled to say that I heard several endearing expressions pass his lips.

"You can run about the grounds if you like, Anne," said my aunt when we alighted, "I daresay you are cramped with sitting."

She went in with Mr. Heneage, the groom taking away the carriage, and I went I know not where. I managed to get amidst some trees and nearly lose myself. As I wondered which way I should take, there came up, arm in arm, and talking together in a low, eager, excited whisper, Mr. Edwin Barley and Philip King. He fixed his eyes upon me, that terrible man."

"So, you have got back, Anne Hereford?"

"Yes, sir," I stammered, but my lips seemed glued together.

"Where's Mrs. Barley?"

"She is gone in-doors, sir."

"Oh, gone in with Heneage?"

"Yes, sir."

He said no more, except something in an under tone to Philip King, and I turned and flew anywhere at a venture. But not before I had seen George Heneage looking at them through the trees, a withering expression of contempt on his countenance.

Nothing more occurred that day to disturb the peace so far as I knew; and the next morning, Saturday, they all went out shooting again. Mrs. Edwin Barley had some visitors in the fore part of the day, and in the afternoon she went over to Hallam in the little carriage, but she did not take me. I was anywhere; with Charlotte Delves; with the servants; roaming through the deserted sitting-rooms. It grew towards dusk, and nobody came home, and I strolled out and met the pony carriage coming up the avenue at a walking pace. Only the groom was in it.

"Where is my aunt?" I asked.

"She's walking up to the house, Miss."

I ran to the end of the avenue, but could see nothing of her. Branching off round a side walk, I came to the ornamental grounds near the wood: the woman at the lodge said she had gone that way. There she stood, on the steps of the summer-house, and George Heneage with her, his gun in his hand. I saw—I am sorry to write it, but it is only the truth—I saw him kiss her cheek.

"How foolish you are!" she uttered. "I am married, remember. Where are the other two?"

"Oh, they are home, somewhere; spying, no doubt."

At that moment there was a noise in the summer-house, a slight covert noise, as though some one were escaping by the opposite door. Mr. Heneage dashed into it in time to see Philip King stealing away. Too sure he had been "spying," and it no doubt inflamed George Heneage's blood to madness. With a desperate word he was speeding after him, when Mrs. Edwin Barley caught him.

"George you shall not go. There might be murder done."

"I'll pay him off; I will indeed," he panted. "Selina, do not oblige me to put you out of my way by force."

"You *shall* not go, I say!"

He broke from her by force as he had termed it, and sped after Philip King, still with his gun. But Philip King had got a long way then. Mrs. Edwin Barley's eyes fell on me.

"You here, child! This is no place for you. Stay, though; you can run fast. They are making for the wood: run crossways over that side grass, and you will reach it sooner than they will. Tell Mr. Heneage that I *command* him to come back."

I did not dare to refuse, and yet I scarcely dared to go. I ran along, my heart beating. Arrived at the wood, I looked about me amidst the trees, but could see no one. They were not very thick, the trees, and were intersected with many narrow paths. I went up and down several uselessly.

And now arrived a calamity: I had lost my way in real earnest, and down I sat, and cried. How long I stayed I don't know, perhaps ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; when, on raising my eyes, who should I see, coolly smoking a cigar, as he leaned against a tree and smiled at me, but Philip King.

"What is the grief, Miss Anne? Have you met a wolf?"

"I can't find my way out, sir."

"Oh, I'll soon show you that. We are nearly close to the border. You—"

He stopped: lifted his head, and looked attentively in a certain direction. And at that moment there was a report, a whizz through the air, and a ball entered his chest. Philip King fell to the ground with an awful scream

Though not perfectly understanding what had occurred, I screamed also and sank upon my knees; I did not faint, but I felt a horrible, sick sensation of fear, such as I had never experienced before. And there was the dark face of Mr. Edwin Barley peering at us from the distant trees.

Who had done it? He, or George Heneage? The question ran through my terrified heart, as Mr. Barley came up, carrying his gun. Whoever did it must have taken aim, must have wilfully and deliberately murdered the poor young man in cold blood.

"Philip, what is this? Who has fired at you?"

"George Heneage," was the faint rejoinder. "I saw him: he stood there."

"Are you sure?" returned Mr. Edwin Barley.

"I tell it you with my dying lips. I saw him."

Not another word. Mr. Edwin Barley tried to raise him, but he was gone. He had received his death shot, and was silenced for ever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.—The importations for the month of April, according to the New York Custom House returns, just made up, show a decrease of over $2,500,000 as compared with last year, and nearly $8,000,000 less than the importations of 1859. The exports, exclusive of specie, during the past month have been nearly $800,000 more than the corresponding period last year. The exports for the last ten months show an important increase, being nearly $20,000,000 more than the previous year, and $50,000,000 more than in 1859, while the importations for the same period have fallen off, as compared with the previous year, nearly $8,000,000.

The amount of gold and silver in the New York banks, the World says, is more than three times the average antecedent to the crisis of 1857. The large amounts now being distributed for Government purposes find their way back to the Atlantic cities in less than a fortnight. Even during the past week $1,000,000 have been added to the sum named in the last statement. This steady maintenance of a specie reserve of nearly $40,000,000, although indicative of stagnation in trade, is now a reliance for the worst emergencies that may occur.

WESTERN DIVISION OF THE ARMY.—The Milwaukie Wisconsin says that Gov. Randall, of Wisconsin, has returned from a conference of the Governors of Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana, Iowa and Minnesota, held at Cleveland. It says it is decided that the division of troops raised in the northwest are not needed at Washington, but will form an independent division of the army, for the purpose of marching to the southwest. New Orleans is the ultimate destination of this division. A large force is to be concentrated at Cairo, for the purpose of enforcing a strict blockade of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. No provisions whatever are to be allowed to go South.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The farmers of Ohio are putting in seed of the Chinese sugar cane, for the purpose of having a supply of molasses and sugar, independent of the South. Now is the time to try what can be done with the Chinese sugar cane. The experiments which have hitherto been made when sugar was cheap showed that it might be profitably cultivated for molasses.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

THE MYSTERY.

We begin this fine novelet in the present number. We think it will be acknowledged to be one of the most interesting productions of its talented author. By the way, we may be allowed to satisfy the curiosity of our readers so far, as to say that who killed Philip King is *not* the Mystery referred to in the title.

Will not the thousands of our readers who appreciate the merits of the author of "The Mystery," and of THE POST in general, endeavor to send on some new subscribers to begin with this new story?

We think they may well recommend THE POST for its stories, its sifted summary of the week's news, and its various miscellaneous information.

BUSINESS AFFAIRS.

We took occasion some weeks ago to call the attention of our readers generally to the great importance, in the present crisis, of carrying on the usual business affairs of peaceful life. Considerations of all kinds, those allied to personal as well as to national interests, urge upon all agriculturalists, mechanics, manufacturers and traders as much attention to the usual employments of their lives as it is possible for them to give. War is a great waster, and it should be the work of all that remain in peaceful homes to strive to prepare for the inevitable loss which violence causes. Besides, with large bodies of workers withdrawn from their usual avocations, it will be almost impossible for those who remain to produce the usual amount of the various articles of necessity and convenience, even if they try.

But upon the agricultural community especially does it devolve to take this admonition to heart. It is said that in many cases the absence of a portion of the male help from the farms will lead to lessened production. Now, while, if we have a fertile season, this may not make a very great difference—the consequences, if we should happen to have a bad one, may be mournful in the extreme. The coming winter, in all probability, will be a period of great want—and if the supply of food be short, the poor will be badly situated indeed. Let our farmers try to make their money for a few years rather by selling large quantities at a low price than small quantities at high prices.

Among the articles that will be especially needed, a contemporary mentions, wisely we think, hay, cattle, pork, and dried beans and peas. Wheat, rye, and corn, of course, are always in request—those are the staff of life, which of themselves keep it from sinking exhausted to the ground. As to hay, the moment an army leaves the railroad, canal, or river, numerous teams are required, of which hay, and oats or corn, must be the main subsistence.

If there should be a demand for laborers to attend to and gather the crops when once in the ground, we should think the cities and villages would be able to supply very many. With business as dull as it is at present, and as it will probably be until next fall, the towns and cities will begin to overflow into the agricultural districts, especially if there is any indication of a demand for labor. So a fear of a scarcity of laborers need not deter too much our agricultural friends.

We are not among those who believe that the present almost deadlock in business affairs is to last for a very long period. The machinery of business has received a shock, and has stopped, like a watch sometimes does on a similar provocation. It only needs a shake or a touch to set it going again, and, if nothing else supplies that needed touch, the government expenditures probably will. Before this year has closed over our heads, million after million of dollars will have been borrowed by the government, and spent in all directions among the people. Money will be taken from where it is heaped up in large amounts, and distributed in small sums on every side, to farmers, to provision dealers, to manufacturers, to railroads, to pay volunteers, to purchase vessels, to buy arms and ammunition, to do a thousand other things. One hundred millions a year is a small calculation for the cost of a large army. And the spending of such an amount, procured mainly by drafts on the future—which capitalists are satisfied with, because they know, and the experience of the past proves, that they will be honored—must of itself soon communicate the needed impulse to set the machinery of busy life again in motion. And if this did not, twenty millions of people cannot go without clothes, without their groceries, their shoes, their books, &c. Trade, after all, is but an exchange of commodities. I make you a newspaper, for which you make me a pair of shoes, or give me a bushel of wheat, or a lot of groceries. Money only transacts the trade conveniently; preventing our being bothered with odd amounts in the transaction. If there was no money, business would go on, so long as there were human wants, and capable and willing hands. And we have all three, wants, hands, and money—the only fault being that the last is locked up in too large quantities just now for available use.

But, as we have said, things are bound to take a start. We think, for ourselves, that the government disbursements will be the first thing "to set the mill agoing." Then the farmer and manufacturer will receive their money, and find they want store-goods; and the shopkeeper will find he wants this, that and the other thing. The deadlock will give way again to active life, and we shall no longer be like enchanted men, but shall waken up as everything did at the brave knight's kiss, in the famous castle of the Sleeping Princess.

THE NEWS.

The daily papers are funny fellows. What a sight of trouble they give us poor weeklies in summing up and sifting out the news. We are not able to say to this day, whether any one was killed at the siege of Sumter. And then Gen. Beauregard! What a fellow to clip about he is, according to the telegraph reporters. He must be invaluable as a commander. We have read in the school-books of generals who were "in all places at once;" and Beauregard seems to be one of that kind. He is at Richmond, at Charleston, at Montgomery, the very same day—and then, besides, examining with a powerful telescope General Scott's Washington arrangements from Arlington Heights. Then he is positively asserted to be dead—"died of a wound received at the attack on Sumter," at which place, according to his own account, there were only "four persons slightly wounded." Perhaps he *is* dead—and it is his unquiet ghost which is giving the daily papers so much trouble. On reflection, we accept this solution as the most satisfactory one. Beauregard, doubtless, is "kilt entirely"—all but his ghost.

Jeff. Davis, too, to believe the daily papers, has a very unquiet conscience, which will not let him rest long in one place. We can only explain his rapid appearances at distant points, on the theory that he travels by the telegraph. If he were a Yankee, that would be the most reasonable hypothesis—some new invention, the telegraph car, or majestic lightning annihilator might be at the bottom of the business.

Then for Arlington Heights; they have been fortified several times—once or twice by the secessionists, once by General Scott, and once a Northern regiment had its camp there. Moreover, we have been told that they are commanded by Georgetown Heights, and therefore of little importance. One of our officers, however, has seen with a telescope—probably the long one that Beauregard used—a party of Virginians throwing up intrenchments. Probably it was another kind of glass, and not a telescope, that the officer was looking through. A man can often see a great many curious things through a thick piece of common glass, about the size of the bottom of a tumbler.

But if our daily papers are rich reading about these times, the Southern papers are even richer. Nothing is too large for the gullets of some of the Southern editors. Take a sample. They really have a story going the rounds about Northern volunteer companies, with banners inscribed, "Booty and Beauty;" as if any motto of that kind could be borne by any body of men through any Northern town or city without even the women tearing it to pieces, if the men proved so recreant as to let it pass. In one thing, however, the Southern editors are favored, and that is in General Scott. We believe the old General has been allowed to remain in Washington, whatever else was reported—and that he has not been seen by any watchful sentinel spying out the weak places of Richmond, Charleston, or New Orleans. This is one comfort the Southern readers have had so far, but how long they will be permitted to enjoy it, now that we have once suggested the matter to the Southern press, is likely to be doubtful.

THE REGULAR ARMY.—We find that the *increase* in the Regular Army is to be ten Regiments, averaging say 2,000 men each, making 20,000 in all. The regular regiments are thus double the size of the volunteer ones. We do not know the reason why. Perhaps, because there are so many gentlemen wanting to be officers among the volunteers; perhaps, because the number of officers in the regular army is too few to admit of smaller regiments. Officers for the regulars probably cannot be extemporized as they can for the volunteers—they may be required to have had a regular military education. Whatever the reason may be, however, of the fact there is no doubt. The increase will bring up the regular army to about 38,000 men.

THE OHIO REGIMENTS.—The two regiments at Suffolk Park (Camp McClelland) are now doing finely. They look as robust and hearty as bucks—having very few sick. They are fairly drilled generally—the Cincinnati Zouaves being splendidly drilled. They have not got their Minie muskets yet; nor is their camp equipage at all what it should be. They are in barracks now, and seem very cheerful. Our citizens visit them in large numbers daily, and take them many articles. Col. Wilson's regiment had a flag presented to it on Friday of last week.

The Southern Blockade and Privateers.

From the London Post (Lord Palmerston's organ,) May 3.

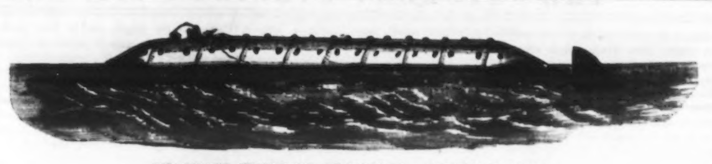
Mr. Ewart, representing the greatest emporium of American trade which exists not only in this country, but in the world, is naturally enough anxious to ascertain the amount of protection which her Majesty's Ministers are prepared to afford to British commerce in the Gulf of Mexico. This interpellation was in every sense equally timely and necessary. Mr. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederation, anticipating by a few days the action of the Federal Government, has stated his intention of commissioning privateers. He has practically thrown down a challenge and instituted a policy which the North, to insure success, has only to imitate and enforce. But considering that the great staple export of the South is cotton, upon every bale of which the new Confederation has lately levied a war tax, the legality of this trade whether carried on in foreign or American ships, becomes a matter of deep and serious consideration. The South possesses no commercial marine which could not be easily swept from the seas by the privateers of New York and Boston; *but, if this privilege of issuing letters of marque were once conceded to the insurgents, the whole of the commerce between Europe and America would be placed in a position of imminent peril and danger.* Under these circumstances, Lord John Russell, in reply to Mr. Ewart, simply stated that Her Majesty's Government felt very deeply that it was imperative on them to take all possible means to avoid any participation in this lamentable conflict, and that nothing but the imperative duty of protecting British interests could justify them in interfering, adding these emphatic words:—"We are now free, and for God's sake let us keep out of the quarrel." We do not imagine that British ship owners, with the fear of risks and insurances before their eyes, will be rash enough to endeavor to carry on an illicit and lucrative trade *by accepting the protection which either belligerent may offer.* There can be no doubt that the President, in strict interpretation of public law, *has a right both to declare a blockade of the Southern ports and to treat Southern privateers, when captured, as pirates.* With regard to the one, he has this condition to observe, namely, that the blockade be effectual, which has always been the American practice, as well as the rule which was recognized by the late treaty of Paris. With regard to the employment of privateers, the American Government has always maintained a position of isolation. It has refused to surrender the privilege of granting letters of marque, except the concession were accompanied by the assertion of the rule that in time of war all commerce not contraband of war should enjoy equal immunity upon land and sea. This is not only a fallacious but an impossible doctrine, because we all know from history that property on land, whenever the exigencies of war require it, is as liable to confiscation and destruction as goods on sea. But Mr. Lincoln is *acting in strict conformity with precedent in declaring that he will treat and punish all Southern privateers as pirates.* In the Mexican war, when it was supposed that foreigners might be disposed to intervene in the contest on behalf of Mexico, Mr. Polk issued a proclamation declaring that he would deal with all such offenders as robbers and pirates. The present case is one infinitely stronger.

The Federal Government is engaged in war with the Southern insurgents, whose independence and separate existence, either *de jure or de facto, has never yet been recognized by any power in the world. In contemplation of public law they are simply rebels;* and, as against them, the policy which Mr. Lincoln has announced is not only valid in itself, but is one which foreign nations are bound to admit and respect. Believing that the present movement can only be effectually repressed by a maritime war—which, by depriving the South of its resources, would in all probability speedily reduce the new confederation to national bankruptcy—we think that Mr. Lincoln has acted wisely, and in conformity with strict law, in having availed himself of the means which, it must be admitted, he can exercise without offence or injury to any foreign power. *To preserve that policy of neutrality which Lord John Russell last night so forcibly expressed, is the duty of this country.* Interference can do no good, either for commercial or political purposes. The civil war which unhappily rages in America must be left to work itself out, however disastrous its results may be upon the foreign trade and manufacturing industry of this country.

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY.—With no future drawback in the way of drought, our agricultural friends expect enormous crops of wheat and grass. For these the spring has thus far been extremely auspicious. Corn planting is now in progress. In the suburbs we find potatoes peeping above the ground, while vegetables of all kinds are rapidly advancing to maturity.

THE delegates of the Cherokee and other civilized Indians have gone back home from Washington reassured, and a new Indian agent for their region has been appointed by President Lincoln.

GUNPOWDER is said to be scarce in the Southern States.



VILLEROI'S SUBMARINE PROPELLER---EXTERIOR VIEW.

We give this week engravings of an aquatic monster which recently caused no small degree of excitement among the very unexcitable citizens of this remarkably sober Quaker City. Our neighbors of the *Inquirer* well say, that "never since the Battle of the Kegs has the river front of Philadelphia been the scene of such a peculiar excitement."

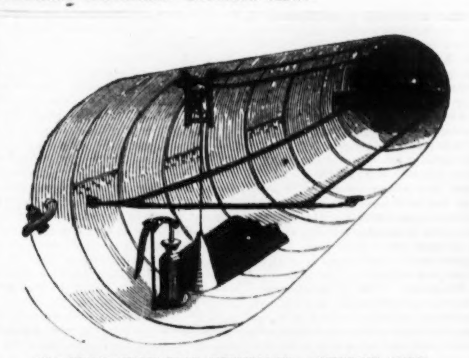
At an early hour in the morning rumors spread like wildfire among the inflammable population crowding our wharves, that a monster, half aquatic, half aerial, and wholly incomprehensible, had been captured by the Harbor Police, and had been safely chained at the foot of Noble street pier.

Forthwith the pier became the grand centre of attraction. The crowd increased hourly, the spectators flocking to see the amphibious and ambiguous creature. All sorts of speculations were freely indulged in as to the uses and purposes of the lengthy iron circular continuance, all tending, however, to the belief that it was designed to aid and assist Jeff. Davis in the benevolent occupation of transferring Federal vessels of war into flying morsels of wood and iron, i. e., blowing them up, while every one concurred in the opinion that it was "very like a whale."

The monster itself, on a close inspection, proved to be a submarine propeller, invented by Monsieur De Villeroi, a French gentleman, who has devoted many years to experiments in this direction. The hull was built about two years ago, at the machine works of Neall, Matthews & More, on Bush Hill, and at that time was reputed to be under the joint ownership of its inventor and Mr. Girard, a connection of the benefactor, and one of the claimants to his vast estates. In its unfinished condition it attracted the attention of the Hon. Wm. H. Witte, who induced its removal to the Penn Iron Works of Reaney, Neafie & Co., where it was supplied with a propelling apparatus.

It is made of ⅜-inch bolier iron, shaped like a segar, sharp at both ends, and about forty feet long by five in diameter, and is propelled by a screw, worked by hand, from the inside. On the top is a copper basin-shaped lid, which has glasses for the men to see out, and large enough for a man's head. It covers the entrance. Seven men are required to work the boat. The inside is partially filled with air pumps, force pumps, &c.

It is submerged by pumping water into the lower compartment, and it is claimed can be kept under for twenty-four hours, and propelled five miles an hour. It has been down for a period of one hour and thirteen minutes. It is intended for scuttling or blowing up vessels, and report says the inventor was offered one million of dollars for it by the Russian Government, to destroy the Allied fleet during the Crimean war, but, being a good Frenchman, he declined.



VILLEROI'S SUBMARINE PROPELLER---INTERIOR VIEW.

The machine has attracted the attention of a number of parties at different times, who imagined they discovered in the invention a speculation which would yield a handsome return for any outlay. Mr. Martin F. Thomas, an estimable citizen, invested capital in the project some time since, with a view of finding a means to cleanse the Great Eastern during her first visit to this country. A proposition to this effect was submitted to the Directors, and the attempt would no doubt have resulted successfully, had they not preferred an English "gridironing" to an American scraping process.

Since that time, the submarine vessel has for divers reasons been stationed in sundry places. Of these were Marcus Hook, New Castle, and Delanco on the Rancocas. A number of experiments were tried, with a view of adopting it to recovering goods from wrecks, and examining the bottoms of rivers, but from all that we can gather, the machine has proved, so far, an utter failure for all practical purposes.

The first information that the police had of the appearance of the vessel opposite our city, was that it was, about midnight, taking in a quantity of pig lead, which was to be used as ballast, in some experiments which were contemplated. At the time of its seizure, it was under the charge of a young Frenchman, named Alexander Rhodes, and Henry Kriner, an American, who were arrested. They stated that the machine was to be taken to the Navy Yard to be examined by Government officers to ascertain whether it could be made serviceable in naval operations. Its movements and this intention have not been kept a secret, and at any other time than the present, no excitement would have been created by its appearance.

The views which we present are of the interior and exterior. They will convey to our readers a better idea of the novelty than any written description. Its seizure was very necessary—for it might be, in dangerous hands, a dangerous customer, if it is what it claims to be—and even if at present a failure, keen wits might perhaps convert it into a success. The blockading fleet will of course keep a watch for such ugly customers.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

George A. McCall has been nominated Major-General of the Pennsylvania Militia, by the Governor, and unanimously confirmed by the Senate. General McCall is a graduate of West Point and served in General Worth's staff, in Mexico, and has since acted as Assistant Inspector General of the United States Army. For eight years past he has been a farmer of Chester County.

NEW YORK.

A bearer of foreign despatches was recently arrested in New York. He had returned in the Arago. After an examination of his documents he was discharged; nothing appearing therein to implicate him, and the nature of the despatches being such as, when received by the enemy, would be productive of little aid or comfort to them.—*New York Commercial.*

A wealthy citizen of New York State has proposed to devote $10,000 to forming a Zouave Regiment, composed of colored men, all to be six feet in height.

At the earnest solicitation of the New York Union Defence Committee, President Lincoln has determined to accept of the services of fourteen additional regiments from New York State.

VIRGINIA.

The Secession troops have recently assumed quite a threatening attitude towards Fort Monroe, and the women and children have been sent from the fort to New York. The number of men in the fort is said to be 2,500. Col. Dimick, commandant, has taken possession of Hampton bridge, and a well on the other side—giving a party of secessionists ten minutes to vacate, which they did.

The Richmond Examiner learns that some Federal troops have encamped upon the farms of Joseph Segar and John Tyler, Esqs., not far from Hampton; and that the commandant of Fortress Monroe has taken possession of a private bridge belonging to farmers in the neighborhood, upon the plea that it is necessary in order to send water and provisions to the troops at the fortress. The Examiner indignantly calls upon the Southern army at Norfolk to sweep the invaders from off the soil of Virginia.

A despatch from Wheeling says that passengers have returned thither from an ineffectual attempt to reach Baltimore by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, who report that two culverts on the railroad, near Harper's Ferry, have been blown up and the rails removed. The rebel troops there are hourly expecting an attack. They are about 4,000 in number, and many still call themselves "Unionists," and say they will vote against secession.

The Wheeling Convention has adjourned *sine die* after calling a general Convention, to be held on the 11th of June, and appointed a Central Committee of nine.

The Richmond Examiner is very savage over the supineness of the Virginia government. It charges it with having done nothing at all towards fitting out privateers—while Pendegrast is seizing vessels constantly. Its Portsmouth correspondence says that up to the 8th he had "captured twenty five vessels, but only one of this number deserves the name of prize. That is reported to be a Richmond ship from some of the South American ports, laden with 5,000 bags of coffee."

THE RODMAN GUN.—The great gun named after Captain T. J. Rodman, under whose supervision and direction it was constructed has been mounted in Fort Monroe. We find in Major J. G. Barnard's "Notes on Sea-coast defence," an elaborate description of this mammoth piece of ordnance, from which we abstract the following.

The gun was cast at Pittsburg, at the Fort Pitt foundry, and has the following principal dimensions:—Total length, 15 feet 10 inches; length of bore, 13 feet 9 inches; greatest diameter, 4 feet; diameter at muzzle, 2 feet 1 inch; thickness of metal, varying from 5 to 25 inches. The total weight of the gun is 49,100 pounds, or nearly 25 tons. The diameter of the bore is 15 inches, and the weight of shell fired varying, according to thickness of metal, from 305 to 337 pounds. Shells, varying between these weights, will contain from 16 to 18 pounds of powder. For battering purposes the weight of the shell is 410 pounds. The range of the "Rodman" at different angles of elevation, from 6 degrees to 40 degrees, varies from 2,017 to 5,345 yards.

The trials which have been made of this gun establish its efficiency as a terrible engine of war.

MISSOURI.

Gen. Harney, in a recent address to the people of Missouri, calls attention to the military bill recently passed by the Legislature, which he regards as an indirect secession ordinance, manifestly unconstitutional, and which ought not to be upheld by good citizens. He says that whatever may be the termination of the present condition of things in respect to the Cotton States, Missouri must share the destiny of the Union. All her material interests point to this result, and "so important is this regarded to the great interests of the country that I venture the opinion the whole power of the United States Government, if necessary, will be exerted to maintain Missouri in the Union."

CAPTURE OF SECESSIONISTS.—ST. LOUIS, May 17.—Several Union men having been driven from Potosi, on the line of the Iron Mountain Railroad, a detachment of volunteers, under command of Captain Cole, was sent down on Tuesday night to protect the loyal citizens of that section.

Captain Cole reached Potosi at 3 o'clock in the morning, and surrounded the town with a chain of sentinels, and shortly after daylight about one hundred and fifty citizens were taken prisoners. They were formed into line, and the Union men being recognized were released. About fifty of the secessionists were liberated on parole, and nine of the leaders brought to the city as prisoners of war.

The lead manufactory of John Dean, at Potosi, was also taken possession of, and about four hundred pigs of lead seized. On the return trip the troops dispersed a company of cavalry at De Soto, and captured thirty horses, left behind them in their flight.

The troops hoisted the stars and stripes on a pole that had just been raised to receive a secession flag. Another prominent secessionist was arrested there, and still another at Victoria, making twelve in all, now in the Arsenal.

Thirteen Union families arrived here last night, having been driven from different towns on the Pacific Railroad for supporting the Union.

General Price has issued orders instructing the Brigadier-Generals to immediately organize the militia in their respective districts, and hold them in readiness for active service.

The officers and soldiers are enjoined to afford all the protection in their power to the persons and property of citizens of the State, without reference to their political principles. The object of this organization being simply to protect the people in their rights under the Constitution of the State.

The United States troops are warned to avoid a collision with any armed bodies, unless absolutely required to protect the lives, liberty and property of the people. The flag of the State of Missouri is the only one to be used by the militia.

Nearly nine hundred Irishmen have been enrolled in the United States service here, and they will probably be organized into a separate regiment.

The Government troops at St. Louis have formed two camps—one at Hyde Park, and the other on the heights near the reservoir. The secession prisoner, Captain McDonald, to release whom the habeas corpus was issued, had been taken to Illinois on Sunday night. While this was being done a vain attempt was made to rescue him.

KENTUCKY.

THE VOTE.—The official returns from eighty-nine counties of this State, give the Union ticket for delegates to the Border State Convention, ninety-eight thousand five hundred and sixty-one votes. There are still eighteen counties to hear from. The aggregate Presidential vote in November was one hundred and forty-six thousand two hundred and sixteen.

However gratifying this vote may be, in the North it is generally considered that a Border State Convention would be a humbug. It is "too late" for such devices.

The House of Representatives passed a series of resolutions declaring that Kentucky should maintain a strict neutrality during the present contest, and approving of the refusal of the Governor to furnish troops to the Federal Government under the existing circumstances.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The North Carolina election, on Monday, resulted in favor of the Secessionists everywhere.

WASHINGTON.

An order has been issued by the War Department for nine of the fourteen regiments, accepted recently on the solicitation of the New York Union Committee, to proceed to Fortress Monroe, and the other five to repair to Washington.

The concentration of so many troops at the former post is a fact of important significance. It is believed here that Major General Butler will have command in that quarter.

The President has promoted both Brigadier-Generals McClellan and Butler to be Major Generals. Captains Franklin and Meigs are to be Colonels, and Colonel Thomas Brigadier General.

The story in reference to the desecration of Washington's tomb is a false report.

The War Department has issued an order directing commanders of Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Forts Cobb, Gibson and Washita to evacuate their posts and repair with their troops and the moveable Government property to Fort Leavenworth. Orders were issued at the same time authorizing the occupation of the same post by the regiment of Arkansas volunteers called out by the first proclamation of the President.

The President has endorsed the action of the Missouri Brigade at Camp Jackson, by issuing a commission of Brigadier General to Captain Lyon.

There are 9,000 troops at Harper's Ferry. Virginia troops have recrossed the river, retiring into their own State. Seven hundred insurgents occupy the Point of Rocks, and two mounted columbiads command the ferry and its approaches.

The War Department wants no cavalry beyond those already called for.

Hon. D. E. Sickles has authority to raise a division of 10,000 men, and will be made its Major General. Recruiting offices will be opened for it in Philadelphia, New York, and other cities.

Prominent Maryland men are begging the Government to drive out the rebel troops that have occupied Maryland soil at Point of Rocks, Harper's Ferry, and other places.

MARYLAND.

FEDERAL HILL.—This hill, near which three of the Philadelphia regiments, under Gen. Cadwalader, are now encamped, is admirably adapted for the purpose of a military position. It is the highest point in the city, and commands the entire harbor and city in every direction. It embraces about forty acres of ground, and owing to its great elevation, could be successfully defended against an attack. It is two miles distant from Fort McHenry. Locust Point, the place of landing of troops, is just half way between Federal Hill and Fort McHenry. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad (the road to Washington) has a branch track connecting with their main road, which extends down to the wharf on Locust Point. Troops, therefore, who land at Locust Point, not only do so under the protection of the guns both of the Fort and on the Hill, but get immediately into the cars, and are taken direct to Washington, only passing through a part of the southern suburbs of the city. A number of troops have passed through other parts of Baltimore during the week, and the soldiers from the camp are in the habit of strolling through the city, where the Union feeling is again decidedly in the ascendant.

MARYLAND VOLUNTEERS.—Gov. Hicks has issued his proclamation for four regiments of infantry or riflemen, to serve for the period of three months, to the said Presidential requisition having been added the written assurance of the Secretary of War, that the said four regiments shall be detailed to serve within the limits of Maryland or for the defence of the Capital of the United States, and not to serve beyond the limits aforesaid.

The acceptance of these volunteers, with such a reservation, is not generally approved by the press of the loyal States.

THOSE ARMS.—The arms seized by Gen. Butler in Baltimore, in possession of Marshal Kane, were 2,200 muskets, and 4,000 pikes of the John Brown pattern. The Maryland Guards have secreted their 600 muskets; these arms were furnished from the U. S. Government over and above the regular quota of the State, and therefore are the property of the Government.

DISCHARGED.—Ross Winans has been discharged on his parole of honor that he would do no act openly or covertly hostile to the Government of the United States.

The Michigan regiment and three companies of Pennsylvania troops, arrived at Baltimore last week from Harrisburg, and passed through the city to the Washington railroad.

H. Winter Davis has been nominated for Congress by the Union Convention of the Fourth District. Three Baltimore merchants have been indicted by the Grand Jury for riotous conduct in obstructing the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on the 19th of April, while the Massachusetts troops were *en route* for Washington. They have been admitted to bail.

KANSAS.

Governor Robinson has issued his proclamation calling for *eleven* regiments, and fixing their respective head-quarters. This would be a pretty hard strain on any other State of an equal population. But Kansas contains a large proportion of men accustomed to fighting.

LATEST NEWS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS's paper of the 14th says, it is positively settled, by a vote of the Congress taken on the previous day, that the Capital of the Southern Confederacy is immediately to be removed to Richmond.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 19.—From reliable sources, it has been ascertained that the Government will not strike a blow, unless compelled by the secessionists, until after the Virginia election.

If the Union men succeed, the seat of war will be removed further South. There is very little hope entertained of such a result, but the Administration is willing to give the State the benefit of the doubt.

Washington, however, must be defended at all hazards; and the Government is to take possession of Arlington Heights, with a force of ten thousand troops, before Wednesday next.

THE military department of Virginia has been created, and Major-General Benjamin F. Butler placed in command. It embraces Eastern Virginia to the summit of the Blue Ridge, and the States of North Carolina and South Carolina.

Fort Monroe will be the head quarters. The garrison will consist of about three thousand men. A camp of fifteen or twenty thousand men will be created outside of the fort, in the immediate vicinity, within the protection of the guns. General Butler will have all the Massachusetts troops under his command.

The New Orleans Picayune says that Capt. Montgomery, of Kansas, at the head of 3,000 men, had taken Fort Ouachita. Messengers had been sent to Marshall and other places in Texas for men, money, guns, powder and lead. Captain Bill Young, with about six hundred men, was on the march, trying to oppose Montgomery. This news was corroborated at Shreveport. The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the country. Other accounts say it is *Major* Montgomery, of the regular United States army. Fort Ouachita is outside of Texas, in the Camanche reserve.

The Bank of the Capital, at Albany, N. Y., has suspended. The notes are entirely secured, and not a cent will be lost on them. The capital of the bank is $519,000 paid in. About half of this is supposed to be sunk. Depositors are fully secured.

NEWS ITEMS.

NECESSITY VS. CONSCIENCE.—The editor of the Brookhaven (Miss.) Advertiser offers the following unique argument in favor of raising more Corn than Cotton:

We have always been persistently in favor of planting a large crop of Corn, even if Cotton has to be a little neglected, particularly in times like these, when communication with the Ohio may be cut off at any moment. Corn is a necessity, but Cotton is only a convenience. A man can live very well without a shirt, but what can he do without whiskey?

A STRANGE parricide was committed at Louisville on the 21st ult., by a man named Francis Marion Smith, who killed his father, Peter Smith, a highly respectable wine grower of Union, Indiana. The murderer states that his victim had seduced his mother forty years ago, and brought her to a career of prostitution. He says that his mother, on her deathbed about a year ago, told him of these facts, and told him to avenge her. The young man first stabbed Mr. Smith, and then shot him in the back of the head, the ball coming out above the eye, literally blowing his brains out. The murdered man was connected by marriage with some of the first families in Louisville, and was esteemed by a large circle of friends. The murderer was arrested, and is now awaiting trial for his crime.

THE great leading builders in London have resolved hereafter to pay their workmen by the hour instead of the day—fifteen cents an hour for experienced hands and nine cents for laborers.

THE United States ship Vandalia has arrived at New York from the Chinese seas and the African coast.

A SOUTHERN LINE OF TELEGRAPH.—The organization of the Southern line of telegraph, beginning at Alexandria, has been completed by the selection of Dr. W. S. Morris, of Lynchburg, Va., as President. This line is now entirely distinct and unconnected from the line at and north of Washington. The wires between Alexandria and Washington (seven miles) have been taken down, and there is no connection between those two places.

THE blockading fleet so far is composed of about 40 vessels, carrying 5,550 men, and 354 guns.

TEXAS advices state that Col. Van Dorn has succeeded in causing the surrender of the remaining Federal troops in Texas.

PRIZES.—Three schooners loaded with tobacco were brought in to the Philadelphia Navy Yard on Saturday last, from Hampton Roads. Other prizes (one worth $150,000) are being taken into New York. Charleston and Pensacola are both reported blockaded—several British vessels have been informed off the former place.

☞ The Boston Post wittily says, at a time when wit seems to be at a discount and very little of it in the market:—"In these stirring times many men are making up for a lack in their early training—by training day and night."

☞ The sense that men can best afford to dispense with is the sense of shame.

THE DRUM.

("O wie ruft die Trommel so laut!")

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF RUECKERT.

'Tis the Drum that calls aloud!
In the fields I heard its call,
And I rose and quitted all,
And I turned a deafened ear
To what heart and hope held dear,
Nor a backward glance allowed—
For the Drum,
For the Drum it called so loud!

Tears have dimmed my mother's eyes,
And my father vainly sighs;
"Father, mother, cease to plead—
But one sound my ears now heed,
And I burn to join the crowd
With the Drum,
With the Drum that calls so loud."

Oh! the Drum it calls so loud!
At the hearthstone—in the seat,
Where I used my love to greet!
Pale she sits and cries with woe,
"Must thou—wilt thou from me go?"
"Sweet, to thee my heart was vowed—
But the Drum,
Oh! the Drum it calls so loud!"

Oh! the drum it calls aloud;
From my comrade in the fight
Comes to me a last good night!
And I know death's greeting well,
Bursting from the fiery shell,
While in dust my ear is bowed,
Though the Drum,
Though the Drum still calls aloud!

Oh! the Drum it calls so loud!
Earth has not a louder sound
Than the Drum on battle ground,
And its voice is Honor's breath,
Though it calls to blood and death,
And a soldier's gory shroud.
For the Drum,
Oh! the Drum it calls so loud! E. B.

RIFLED CANNON AND RIFLES.

BY A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER IN THIS COUNTRY.

All hope of staying the tide of civil war in this country has now ceased, and the booming of rifled cannon and the sharp firing of the Minie musket will soon be heard in a quick and bloody contest between the two belligerent forces now concentrating near the Potomac. It will, without doubt, now be interesting to contemplate, for a moment, those potent weapons so conscisely described by the Emperor of the French at the commencement of the Italian war with the Austrians as "armes de precision," and the introduction of which have brought about almost a revolution in military tactics and strategy—and that not only for the wonderful results produced, but as a lesson—and that a most important one, too—for the future.

Certain it is that the progress in the state of gunnery and small arms, combined with that of steam navigation, has rendered it necessary to reconsider not only naval and military general engagements, but also the principle of attack and defence of fortified places, as also of coasts and harbors.

The first and most prominent result will be, that the greatly increased power of ordnance, in length of range, penetration, and accuracy of fire, will give much more advantage to the attack of fortresses and fortified posts than to their defence. Towers, old castles, and escarp walls in general, that are exposed to view, will be readily ruined from greater distances. Although the new shot and shells are not adapted to afford the regular effects of a ricochet fire, works will be subject to all the other evil consequences of enfilade, and that from much greater distances; parapets will be penetrated and ruined with greater facility; the interior of works will be plunged into from heights at greater ranges than have hitherto been practicable; and where magazines, barracks, or other important military establishments are exposed to such heights, and have hitherto been safe from them, they will now be liable to direct cannonade or bombardment.

The first approaches to fortified posts will be greatly facilitated by these advantages; nor does it appear that these effects can be counteracted by any alteration in the system of fortification; they will only admit of palliatives.

Guns and ramparts, particularly those of flanks that cannot be opposed by any distant direct fire, will require, more than ever, to be under bombproof cover; parapets must be thickened; openings of embrasures reduced to a minimum, and some of them, perhaps, strengthened by such applications round them—of iron, timber, and masonry—as shall be found most effective; escarp walls and buildings, and masonry in general, must be more covered than ever; defensive mining will also be of more influence than hitherto, as that, at least will be unaffected by this improvement.

In defence of fortresses the advantages of this new species of ordnance will be smaller. A slight increase of profile to the parallels, approaches, and batteries of the attack will neutralize the increased power of penetration in the missiles; enfilade is impracticable; and such direction will be given to the besiegers' embrasures, with a little increased cover, as to expose them to the least possible direct fire.

Almost the only benefit to be derived from them in a garrison would be the power of greatly annoying and impeding reconnoitering and other parties of the besiegers' force that might be engaged in traversing the open country within sight, and also of throwing shot and shells into their encampments, and thus forcing them, in many cases, to the inconvenience of taking post at much greater distances; and these advantages may be obtained by a very light class of these weapons.

A very decided direct effect, however, will be produced by these guns in contests between batteries and ships, the advantage being most importantly in favor of the shore batteries. The weight of metal, power of penetration, and accuracy of fire, will cause the ships to be cut to pieces at very considerable ranges, from whence their own fire would be very ineffective against the battery; while, for any close conflict, the present armament for men-of-war would be nearly as efficient. The importance of small batteries or towers, with two or three rifled cannon in them, at all the minor harbors or landing-places along the coast, is made manifest by this fact.

But perhaps the most important bearing of the rifled cannon will be the exposure of great naval arsenals to a thoroughly effective fire from ranges that were before unattainable. It being now ascertained that these guns can throw shot and shells as far as nine thousand yards, and with considerable accuracy, it becomes a matter for urgent consideration how these, and such extensive and important establishments, can be best protected from their destructive effects.

The result of the experience which rifled cannon gained in the war in Italy has fully attested their infinite importance. It is admitted that their influence was almost decisive at the battle of Solferino. The Austrians were forced to evacuate Solferino itself by the irresistible fire of rifled guns. General Torgeot's batteries forced back the Austrian columns that advanced to turn the right of the Piedmontese. The horse batteries of Desvaux's and Partouneaux's divisions took the Austrian cannons *en echarpe* in the advance of the Duke of Magenta, reduced them to silence, and soon forced them to fall back. The artillery of the Guard played an almost equally important part at Cavriana. Medola fell in the same way. General de Lozy was preceded by his artillery. An attack on Vinoy's division was thwarted by the fire of *forty-two* pieces of artillery, directed by Gen. Soleile, at a distance of little more than two hundred yards! "*It was*," says the French official report of the battle, "*our new artillery that produced the most terrible effects on the Austrians. Its balls went to distances which their guns of the largest calibre could not respond to, and strewed the plain with dead.*" It is obvious that no amount of personal courage can compete with such weapons. They can only be encountered by their like. It is in vain for an army, however well equipped, however perfectly drilled and manœuvred, and however brave, to gain a battle in the present day unless it is equal to the enemy in the improvement in its arms, rifled cannon rifles, and sword-bayonets. An incident is related of the battle of Solferino by a correspondent to one of the English papers, that strikingly illustrates the efficiency of the new rifled guns in the open field:

General Desvaux saw in the distance about thirty squadrons of cavalry, consisting of hulans and dragoons, forming into masses, and preparing to thunder down upon the squares of Renaud's division. The danger was imminent and grave, for the French troops had their flanks compromised, and were in front of an Austrian battery, which worried them with grape. General Desvaux pointed out the danger to Captain Fist, commander of the 8th battery of the 10th regiment of artillery, who at once established a battery of rifled cannon upon a small eminence in the plain, and fired four rounds of shells, containing forty balls, a distance of more than two thousand yards. The effect produced seemed like the work of enchantment. The captain saw, in the first place, that wide gaps had been made in the enemy; then all of a sudden that this terrible mass of cavalry was dispersing in every direction, utterly disordered, and without heeding orders or rallying at the word of command. Twenty thousand of the Austrian cavalry, upon whose aid every reliance had been placed, were thus rendered useless, and it was directly after this catastrophe, if I am rightly informed, that the Emperor Francis Joseph abandoned the camp, with tears of vexation and despair in his eyes.

Improvements in small arms may reasonably be expected to bring about as great a revolution in military tactics and operations as will inevitably be produced by the introduction of rifled cannon. It is astonishing, even in the present day, what a deal of firing there is in a general engagement compared with the mischief done; but it is nothing in comparison with what existed in olden times. And this unpleasant comparison will go on diminishing—unless things so infamous in the eyes of God and man, as battles, are done away with—till the event is reduced to a minimum of expenditure with a maximum destruction of human life. This is, after all, what is sought for in all proposed improvements in arms or weapons of destruction. Colonel Schlimmbach, a distinguished officer of the Prussian artillery, made the curious calculation, extending over a long series of engagements during the wars of the first Napoleon, that, on an average, a man's own weight in lead, and ten times his weight in iron, were consumed for each individual placed *hors de combat.*

Mr. Hans Busk, first lieutenant of the English Victoria Rifles, and author of several well-known little works on the rifle and on rifle corps, calculates in his work, "The Rifle," that at Vittoria, in the good old days of "Brown Bess," there was not above one musket ball in 800 which was not utterly thrown away. To show that British infantry of the line, so lately as 1851, had not made much progress in the use of the old musket, it is also mentioned that a patrolling party at the Cape, in the month of August of that year, expended 80,000 ball cartridges in killing or disabling 25 naked savages—just 3,200 rounds to each Kaffir.

Rapid and careless firing, erroneous estimation of distances, long ranges and insufficient target practice are the chief causes of the enormous expenditure of ammunition in battle fields, compared with the effect produced. Gen. Gassendi estimates that 3,000 cartridges are expended to every man disabled. Decker fixes the lowest limit at 10,000 for each man. In the French attack upon Algiers, in 1830, which closed in fifteen days, 3,000,000 cartridges were consumed, with comparatively little slaughter. The French are said in the Crimea to have expended 25,000,000 small arm cartridges, without having put 25,000 Russians *hors de combat.* The operations of the United States forces, more practiced in the use of fire-arms, showed a better result. At the battle of Churubusco, during the Mexican war, it is estimated that the Americans opened only 125, and the Mexicans 800, rounds of cartridge to each soldier disabled on the opposite side.

Since 1850 many modifications and improvements have taken place in the construction of fire arms. "Brown Bess," formerly in such high repute, has not only lost her once-boasted attraction, but one at least of her successors has been superseded, and several of her rivals have been completely beaten by younger competitors. If we are still far from having attained absolute perfection, there is now no doubt but that a weapon will shortly be produced that will unite every quality which it is desirable a rifle should possess. The greatest range really requisite for all the purposes of war has been reached (unless some persons may be so exacting as to wish to aim with telescopes,) and it is only in minute matters of detail—as in weight, mode of loading, length of barrel, form of stock, and arrangement of sights—that differences of opinion exist, and that further improvement appears to be desirable. There seems, however, to be no two opinions but that it is most desirable that the breech-loading and repeating principles should be brought to higher perfection than at present, so as to be generally adopted. In such a case the weight of the rifle will be diminished by the abolition of the clumsy loading rod, while its efficacy will be materially enhanced by the increased facility, rapidity, and force given to the discharge.

In the sense, in fact, of the capability of firing so many rounds in a given time, one man may be made, by such a weapon, to represent several armed according to the old system. But this would be equalized by the opponents being armed in a similar manner. The only result that would then be arrived at, supposing two conflicting armies to be supplied with the most improved guns and small arms, would be the destruction of a greater amount of life in less time and at less cost. That, as before remarked, seems to be all that is sought for in the present day, while improvements are still ever going on, in the hopes of a preponderance being obtained by one party over another, as in the instance of the French over the Austrians, by the neglect on the other part, from want of pecuniary means or of sufficient intelligence, in procuring the same improvements for their service.

It will never be desirable to place a weapon in the hands of soldiers generally, whose chief advantage consists in its length of range, unless it be, at the same time, as simple as possible in construction, little likely to get out of order, and be, moreover, divested of all complicated appliances. The short Enfield rifle is admitted to be open to few objections in these respects; and therefore, for the present at least, its introduction should be gladly hailed as a step in the right direction.—Strength, moderate length, lightness, durability, are among the primary essentials of the infantry musket; precision and accuracy of fire are the next considerations. Troops do not halt in an engagement for the purpose of firing at each other at the greatest possible range. The tactics of war present a series of movements, the object of which is to close in upon an adversary or to out-flank him, and to deliver at a distance of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty yards an effective fire into his ranks. People are too apt to forget or to ignore that, in a general engagement, what between gun firing and firing in files, the field speedily becomes obscured, and it is often utterly impossible to single out an object even at one hundred yards' distance. The writer has been in an engagement where, after the first few rounds, except the men hit around, the first event that really became visible was the enemy advancing through the smoke line a mile off to the left. As at present constructed, distant range is only attainable by a somewhat complex arrangement of sights, of such delicate workmanship that, in the rough hand of recruits, or even of ordinary troops, they would speedily become useless; besides, they require careful and deliberate adjustment, and considerable expertness, on the part of the soldiers.

Two separate and distinct classes of weapons are consequently needed; one light and powerful and effective at six hundred yards, without any complication of sights, for regiments of the line; the other, more carefully finished, with sights, ranging from eight hundred to one thousand yards, suitable for rifle regiments and light companies.

The introduction of the rifle into war as an arm of importance dates, strange to say, but a few years back. The best troops of France had been beaten by the Tyrolese peasants, just as the British suffered at Bunker's Hill and were defeated at New Orleans, without either France or England adopting the weapon by which these results were brought about. But at length the painful experience of what the long Arab muskets could effect in Algeria brought about the introduction of the rifle as a more extended arm in the service. In 1822, when Sir Charles Shaw roused the attention of military men in England to the prodigious increase of this arm of the service in France, there was a force of fourteen thousand men armed with the 1846 model rifle, that "unerring and murderous weapon, with its cylindroconic hollow ball."

The Minie rifle here alluded to has been since considerably modified, if not altogether superseded, but it was at that time so effective an arm, that Captain Minie would undertake to hit a man at a distance of 1,420 yards three times out of five shots.

The repeating principle has as yet been applied almost solely to pistols and rifled carbines. It is to Colonel Colt's perseverance, energy, and mechanical skill that the merit is due of having successfully vanquished all the difficulties that presented themselves in their construction. The report published by order of the British House of Commons of the select committee on such arms, is satisfactory as to the merits of Colt's revolvers. Colt's cavalry pistols are, in fact, pocket rifles. They are only 7½ inches in length, and will kill a man at five hundred yards. A stock is now supplied with these pistols which can be attached and detached in a moment. It is an excellent contrivance, and at once converts the pocket arm into a carbine of great range. The wound which a conical bullet from one of Colt's revolvers inflicts is terrific, driving before it, as it does, a cylindrical plug of muscle or bone; the hemorrhage or shock to the system is so great that death ensues in a majority of cases. No one, indeed, who has not had some experience with these diminutive rifles, can form any idea of their capabilities. In the action fought in India on the 18th of June, 1858, a body of one hundred hussars, provided with revolvers, effected tremendous execution upon overwhelming masses of the rebel army, headed by the Ranee of Jhansi. They left in a few minutes four hundred dead upon the field.

A remarkable proof of the utility of rifle-shells was afforded in the Persian campaign of 1856. The troops were about to quit their entrenchments at Burasjun, when, in the words of Captain Hunt, "After moving a few hundred yards clear of the entrenchment, the troops were halted to witness the explosion of a very large quantity of the enemy's powder, stated to be 86,000 pounds, and a most magnificent as well as an extraordinary spectacle it occasioned. The evening was darker than usual, and the rush of one mighty column of flame into the Heavens, with cloud over cloud of bright silvery-looking smoke, mingled with shells bursting like sky-rockets in the midst, attended by a report that made the hills echo again, and a concussion which shook the ground even where the advance-guard stood, formed altogether an event of life not likely to be forgotten by any who beheld it. The pile of ammunition was fired by Lieutenant Gibbard, of the Horse Artillery, and Lieutenant Hazzard, the adjutant of the 2nd European Light Infantry, with rifles and shell-bullets of Colonel Jacob's invention, from a distance of about 150 yards. Both these officers were thrown down by the shock of the concussion. Did any doubt previously exist of the formidable character of this new weapon and projectile, the occurrence described fully removed it."

The weapon at present in course of general adoption throughout the British service is the Enfield rifle. In this the rifling is effected by three grooves, cut slightly deeper at the breech than at the muzzle, and making one complete revolution in 78 inches. The barrel is 3 feet 3 inches long; the weight, 4 lbs. 2 oz. The total weight, with bayonet, 9 lbs. 3 oz.; length, 6 feet 1 inch; without the bayonet, 4 feet 7 inches. It will doubtless be the weapon with which the British troops of the line will be armed for a long time to come. An ordinary marksman can make good practice with it at 800 yards, but in the skilled hands of a more experienced shot a much greater range is attainable. The regulation projectile is a modification of the Minie, smooth at the sides, and having a box wood instead of an iron cup fitted into a cavity at its base. But even this cup may be dispensed with without any very perceptible diminution in the accuracy of the fire. This rifle loads readily, balances well, and is not too heavy to be manageable by any man of ordinary stature and strength. While it will easily pick off a man at 800 yards, its volleys tell with deadly effect upon masses at 1,500 to 2,000 yards—that is, at the distance of a mile. The Enfield rifle confers a saving of 3 lbs. in weight each soldier has to carry, the strength of the weapon is increased, as is also the precision in firing; the quality of the lock and the mode of attaching the barrel to the stock are improved, and the bayonet (which weapon is open to improvement to rival the French sword-bayonet) fixes in a lock-ring instead of loops and pins.

The use of the Enfield rifle in skilled hands was sufficiently attested by Lieutenant Godfrey's feat at Balaklava, as reported by Lord Raglan himself:—

"The fourth division," wrote his lordship, "had advanced close to the heights, and Sir George Cathcart caused one of the redoubts to be reoccupied by the Turks, affording them his support; and he availed himself of the opportunity to assist with his riflemen in silencing two of the enemy's guns.

"That service was performed by Lieutenant Godfrey (1st battalion Rifle Brigade,) who, proceeding in advance of his battalion with a few men, under the cover of a ridge, made such excellent shooting at the Russian gunners (at six hundred yards,) the men handing him their rifles as fast as he fired, that, in his own words, 'We got the credit of silencing them. None of our men were hurt, though at one time the shot came through us pretty fast and thick.'"

It is not only as employed against gunners that the rifle finds a new field of utility, but also in sieges. It has also been the practice to employ select bodies of marksmen at such against the artillerymen of the garrison. At Sebastopol it is well known that, in order the better to protect the trenches from the effects of the fire of the garrison, as also in order to close with the artillery as easily as possible, parties of riflemen were established in dispersed order in distinct pits sunk at night in front of the besiegers' works, and where two men remained all day under cover of the earth excavated and some sand-bag loopholes. These men, although they had no covered communication with the trenches, would occasionally run to and fro without much loss.

The Enfield rifles, of which we have spoken, derive their name from the place where they are manufactured, namely, at the Government Armory at Enfield, England, and are very similar to the American long-range rifle made at Springfield, Massachusetts. It is said that the government has sent to England to purchase Enfield rifles, of which it is in great need in this emergency. The Minie rifle derives its name from Captain Minie, of the French army, who perfected it and who brought it into use. He is the inventor of the hollow conical expanding bullet. The back part of this rifle being elevated at 78th of an inch above the barrel, a French soldier of the line aims at the waistband of the foe, and with his fixed rifle-sight he is sure to strike him within or at 280 yards distant. When firing at a greater distance, he uses his thumb nail for a back site, by placing it across the barrel, and by long practice in judging of distances by the eye, he obtains wonderful precision in his aim. It is plain that the present contest between the Federal Government and the Confederated States, must be decided mainly by rifled cannon and long-range rifles.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXIII.

Lord Kingswood was greatly excited by the communication which Pharisee had made to him. It may easily be imagined that he was keenly alive to the necessity of securing the documents of which he had spoken, and he resolved to seek old Pengreep in person, and bribe him not only to transfer these important papers to him, but to disclose to him the whole of the details connected with the part he had played in the long drama which had yet its *denouement* to come.

Lord Kingswood had not a doubt respecting old Pengreep having been Ishmael's agent, and from what Pharisee had let fall he had more than a suspicion that the old scoundrel had a disposition to act treacherously, that is to say, to make the best market he could of the secrets he possessed.

Of such men Lord Kingswood had experience enough to form a pretty just estimate. He was sure that he had not acted in Vernon's behalf out of a strong sympathy for his wrongs and his sorrows, but that he had been paid for what he had done, and would be just as active and as earnest in the service of any one who paid him better. Lord Kingswood was sure, too, that money would lift the seal of secrecy from his lips, and that all those hidden circumstances, those occult proceedings, and those secured facts which Horace Vernon intended to produce at various times until he had consummated that revenge which he had for years been brooding over, arranging, and preparing, would be revealed to him as soon as old Pengreep heard the chink of gold and felt it burning within his hands.

Lord Kingswood saw clearly enough that the lawyer's letter he had received was the commencement of Vernon's plan to ruin his happiness, to dishonor his name, and to degrade him, but he felt that if he could but secure the marriage certificate between himself and the beautiful young creature he had so much wronged, as well as the extracted register-leaf, he had nothing to do but to deny the charge made against him. The clergyman who had performed the ceremony was, so Pharisee assured him, dead, and the only witness present was Sir Harris Stanhope. Lord Kingswood, especially now that he was a Minister of State, felt sure of the latter. He could, therefore, meet the charge to be brought against him as a base and unfounded calumny, which he repudiated with horror and indignation.

There was, however, the one ugly fact of the existence of Erle—a living counterpart of himself. This youth professed to have no claim to be a Kingswood save through him, and the resemblance between them had already been the subject of very free remarks among a class which, of all others, was the last his lordship would have had discussing such a subject. If not Lord Kingswood's son, who could he be? Lord Kingswood shrugged his shoulders, the world after all was a censorious world, but what was better, it was known to be such and spoken of as such. If his antagonists failed to prove their case, the likeness between himself and Erle would be an obstacle not very difficult to surmount.

Nevertheless, he felt that it would be very desirable to get hold of Erle, and to hold a secret interview with him, point out the utter fallacy and the baselessness of the claim he preferred—Lord Kingswood felt a twang at his heart as he thought of this—and then by liberal offers induce him to settle in some distant place where he would cease to be a source of unhappiness and trouble to him.

Lord Kingswood quite recovered his spirits, and his mind received a much happier tone as he thought over the new aspect affairs had assumed. Lady Kingswood, finding him indignantly repudiating a charge which she, perhaps, now believed to be true, would recover her equanimity, reassume her old and proper position, and the family would be restored to that state of pleasant happiness which for so many years it had enjoyed undisturbed.

Lord Kingswood, after this train of thought, indulged in his solitary chamber, slept calmly and well—as peacefully as if his whole life had been the life of the virtuous and the good.

On the following morning, he was astir soon after dawn, and after he had devoted some time to his political labors, he proceeded to pay a visit to Sir Harris Stanhope. It was necessary to secure him at once.

Sir Harris was at breakfast with Beatrice and Carlton when Lord Kingswood arrived. In order to avoid excuses or evasions, Lord Kingswood would not suffer himself to be announced, and as the servant knew his lordship he complied with his request, and ushered him into the breakfast-room without a word.

The abruptness of his entry occasioned at first some little confusion. Sir Harris was a little embarrassed, and was profuse in apologies and excuses, but Lord Kingswood checked him, saying, with a smile—

"Say no more, Stanhope, if the water will not come to the horse the horse *must* go to the water, eh?"

"Why, a—exactly, my lord," replied Sir Harris, with a polished grin rather than a smile. "An apt illustration, my lord, in certain cases I admit, but there are certain occasions also in which the issue might not rest either with the water or the horse."

"Possibly," returned Lord Kingswood, dryly. "In that for example where the horse has no need for the water; but, Stanhope where the horse is actually in need of the water if it will *not* come to him he must go to it or perish, eh?"

"Exactly! but, my lord, there might be no water for the horse," suggested Sir Harris. "And in that case—"

"We will not farther pursue an image which is making your fair daughter here marvel with all a woman's native curiosity to what it can allude," interfered Lord Kingswood.

"My daughter, my lord, is, I hope, too well tutored to betray any curiosity in matters which do not concern her, whatever she may feel," instantly replied Sir Harris. "But your lordship's time is valuable, and you desire to have a few minutes alone with me," added Sir Harris, rising up.

Lord Kingswood raised his hand. "I am in no hurry, Stanhope," he said; "pray finish breakfast. I regret to see your daughter looking so pale and so delicate. Your son Carlton, too, if I mistake not, has lost his color, and looks jaded. Late hours, young gentlemen—"

"No—no, I assure your lordship, that you are in error there," interposed Sir Harris Stanhope. "Carlton is exceedingly steady, almost stupidly so, for latterly he has almost exclusively confined himself to the house. I am seeking an appointment for him as an *attache* to some legation in a mild climate. He is in delicate health."

"How has this change been wrought?" inquired Lord Kingswood, with an air of surprise. "It was but the other day, I fancy, that I complimented both on their seeming excellent health."

Sir Harris Stanhope shrugged his shoulders, and helped himself to a somewhat considerable pinch of snuff out of a gold snuff-box blazing with brilliants.

"There is a phase of life, my lord, occurring in youth when the mind is stuffed with sentiment and romance," he said, somewhat bitterly, "and at that period the face grows pale and long, and the spirits deaden, especially if the nights are fine and the moon be near the full."

"Is it so, indeed?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, gazing somewhat steadfastly at Beatrice.

A slight flush crimsoned her cheek, her eye flashed as it turned upon her father, and Lord Kingswood thought a tear glistened in it. She rose up, bent with profound respect to his lordship, and hastily quitted the room.

Carlton almost immediately followed, and Lord Kingswood and Sir Harris Stanhope were left alone.

Lord Kingswood laughed. "The old, old story, Stanhope!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, my lord," returned Sir Harris Stanhope, gravely; "but not the subject for hilarity, especially if your lordship knew all the facts."

"Tut—tut," rejoined his lordship, quickly. "I have no desire to pry into your domestic affairs: my own require too much of my attention. Are we quite alone here, Stanhope?"

"I believe so," he responded; "but if your lordship will accompany me to my study, I can be sure there of no eavesdroppers catching our words."

"Conduct me thither," said his lordship laconically.

As soon as they were in Sir Harris Stanhope's room, which was armed with double doors and double casements, Sir Harris said,

"Your lordship may speak freely here; no sound can penetrate either from within or without."

Lord Kingswood threw himself into a chair.

"You guess the object of my visit, Stanhope?" he said.

"I believe that I do, my lord," returned Sir Harris.

"May I inquire how it is that your promise made to me at Chillingham's evening party has not been fulfilled?"

Sir Harris Stanhope cleared his throat. "The truth is, my lord, that I have been unable to gather together those proofs I was desirous of placing in your hands, which would relieve your lordship's mind of much of its natural anxiety," observed Sir Harris, with some slight embarrassment.

Lord Kingswood gazed at him with a fixed, steadfast look. "Proofs that the ceremony of marriage left to your arrangement was a mere mockery, performed by a hired layman dressed in canonicals," said Lord Kingswood, "a mere cheat, although the scene, where it was enacted, was the chancel of a village church."

"Exactly so, my lord," replied Sir Harris, with a restless movement of his eyes.

"Will you swear to that?" demanded Lord Kingswood, emphatically.

"A—a—yes. Oh, of course, yes, my lord," answered Sir Harris, with a very perceptible wince.

"Pray, Harris Stanhope, repeat that to me, but do not do so without seriously reflecting upon the enormity of a false oath," said Lord Kingswood, with a startling sternness of tone.

"My lord!" ejaculated Sir Harris, with a perturbed air.

Lord Kingswood slowly and emphatically repeated his words.

Sir Harris, disconcerted as he was, was yet too much of a diplomatist to confess to the imputation so directly conveyed to him. "Will your lordship do me the honor to be explicit?" he rejoined. "Inunendos rarely facilitate business, you know, my lord."

"Very true," returned Lord Kingswood. "Then, to come to the point, I will at once inform you that the ceremony was a real marriage, performed by an ordained clergyman in a consecrated place of worship, and properly witnessed by yourself. Now, Stanhope, further disguise or attempts to deceive me are useless, as I know all."

"All?" iterated Sir Harris, with an unpleasant expression of surprise upon his features.

"All," returned Lord Kingswood, with a stern tone and frowning brow. "You have plunged me into a desperate dilemma, Stanhope, and you must help to extricate me from it."

"Sir Harris Stanhope's face had become as white as his mustachoes and whiskers. "Your lordship knows that I would do my utmost in your lordship's service," said Sir Harris, eagerly.

"I have just given you an illustration of it," rejoined Lord Kingswood, dryly.

"But, my lord," exclaimed Sir Harris.

Lord Kingswood stopped him. "What was the name of the clergyman who performed that terrible ceremony of marriage? He was a friend of yours, Stanhope. Do not hesitate, or—"

"I—a—he—was the Rev. Charles Weathersley, a—my lord," stammered Sir Harris, "a—the—a fact was that time pressed—a—I—a could not get—a—the church—a I got the clerk out of the—a—way, but the—the—man I engaged disappointed me—and I, my friend—a—Weathersley—a college chum—a, my lord—he consented to keep the matter quite a secret, my lord, and I believe he did, but—"

"Where did he reside?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"At the vicarage, near to Avening, my lord," replied Sir Harris, quickly.

"But he has quitted there," said Lord Kingswood, sternly.

"Oh, yes—a many years since," returned Sir Harris, with some confusion.

"Whither did he remove?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"I—I—think to Kendal, in Westmoreland," answered Sir Harris. "He married and changed his name to Brand, on account of a fortune he obtained with a wife—but I have neither seen nor heard of him for many years. A difference sprang up between us, and we were never afterwards reconciled."

"May I ask you the grounds of your quarrel?" interogated Lord Kingswood.

Sir Harris Stanhope consumed a huge pinch of snuff.

"A trifling question of money matters," he answered. "I paid him a sum which I was indebted to him, and a year or so afterwards, growing avaricious with his increase of fortune, he renewed his application to me for the sum I have alluded to. As I had paid it once, I refused to pay it it a second time, and so our old friendship is broken up and for ever."

"For ever indeed," responded Lord Kingswood. "He is dead."

"Ah, is it so?" exclaimed Sir Harris. "I am neither surprised nor grieved to hear it. He was neither strong enough nor sufficiently worthy to live long."

"Aye, but do you not see the importance of that fact to me?" observed Lord Kingswood, in an energetic tone.

"To you, my lord?" repeated Sir Harris Stanhope, with a dubious air. "A—oh—yes—it is of some importance to you certainly."

"Some importance, Stanhope!" cried Lord Kingswood, indignantly. "It is of the last importance to me in my present position. Mark me. You, Stanhope, procured this clergyman—you alone! You confided to no person breathing but himself that it was your intention to engage him in the affair of which we are now speaking."

"Most assuredly, Lord Kingswood, to no person breathing did I mention that I intended to secure, or that I did secure, the services of Brand," hastily replied Sir Harris.

"You were present at the marriage, Stanhope. The only witness," continued Lord Kingswood, in the same marked tone.

"The only witness indubitably," rejoined Sir Harris Stanhope.

"Now observe," continued Lord Kingswood, fixing his eye with a penetrating steadfastness upon Sir Harris Stanhope, and speaking with slow and deliberate emphasis. "What if I have in my possession the only copy of the certificate of that marriage ever given? What if I possess also the leaf of the parochial register-book in which the original entry was made? The clergyman himself being dead, and the mouth of the only witness hermetically sealed, where are the proofs that a marriage ever took place? Should Vernon dare to bring forward the boy he set down beneath my roof as my son and heir, can I not give to the accusation an unqualified denial, and triumphantly dare him to produce any proofs to sustain his assertion?"

Sir Harris Stanhope felt a strange thrill run over his frame as he heard this proposition put by Lord Kingswood.

So, then, he was the only living witness of this clandestine marriage, and he had Lord Kingswood completely in his power.

A throng of ideas rushed through his brain, all addressing themselves to the subject of his own aggrandizement; but he was too astute a diplomatist to permit his thoughts to register themselves in his face, especially as he perceived the eager eyes of Lord Kingswood perusing his features with a view of ascertaining them.

He took a pinch of snuff, and then said, after a slight pause, "I admit the importance—the very great impertance of the situation you suggest, my lord; but are those valuable documents of which you speak in your possession?"

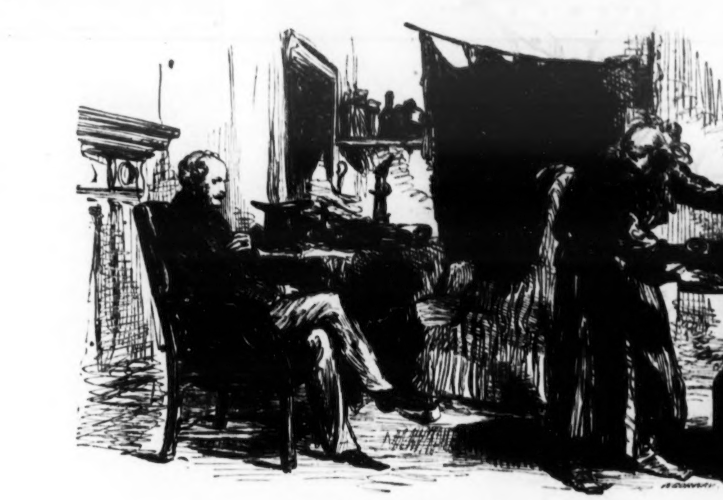
"Tantamount to that, Stanhope," returned his lordship; "I know where to place my hand upon them."

"Has Horace Vernon, my lord, made any further movement towards establishing the legitimacy of the boy he has taken under his protection?" inquired Sir Harris.

"He has taken, I may say, his third step," replied Lord Kingswood.

"His third step?" echoed Sir Harris. "Pray, explain your meaning, my lord."

"Well," rejoined Lord Kingswood, "his first step was suddenly, and without warning to set down the boy in the midst of my family at Kingswood Hall. There my hands were tied, and I was compelled to let matters take their course. His second step was to appear with him in the circles in which we move, and again I am compelled to act passively, for he afforded me no grounds for interference. His third step has taken this shape."



LORD KINGSWOOD AND OLD PENGREEP.

Lord Kingswood, as he concluded, produced the letter he had received from Vernon's solicitors, and flung it over to Sir Harris Stanhope.

The latter perused it with attention, and returning it to Lord Kingswood, said, "The object of that letter is very clear."

"Possibly," said Lord Kingswood," in reply, "but oblige me, nevertheless, with your interpretation of it."

"It is Vernon's intention to avail himself of every tittle of evidence," replied Sir Harris. "He will put young Mr. Gower into the witness-box. Your lordship will have to appear, and the very striking resemblance between you may go far to influence the verdict of a jury."

"Pshaw!" returned Lord Kingswood. "A resemblance is no evidence, Stanhope, or at best but a weak piece of circumstantial evidence. It is clearly no proof of marriage. Vernon must produce legal documents in support of his claim."

"And he has them not," suggested Sir Harris.

"He has not," replied Lord Kingswood, vehemently, "nor shall he, whatever may be the cost to me."

"The exposure will be an unpleasant one," observed Sir Harris Stanhope, as if reflectively.

"I shall positively, and without qualification, deny the charge brought against me, and defy it to be substantiated by proof, and will in turn commence an action again Vernon for conspiracy and fraud," returned Lord Kingswood, excitedly.

"But the likeness?" persisted Sir Harris.

"Bah!" cried Lord Kingswood, angrily; "how you harp on that."

"It is so remarkably striking," replied Sir Harris.

"What of that?" cried Lord Kingswood. "It must be taken for just so much as it is worth."

"Hem!" coughed Sir Harris. A plan had occurred to him, calculated to be of great advantage to his interests pecuniary and political, and he decided upon carrying it out if possible.

"You will not, I presume," he said, "wholly ignore the existence of the boy in reference to any connection with yourself?"

"Why not?" asked Lord Kingswood. "Indeed, it is the only plan I can pursue with safety."

"But, Kingswood," urged Sir Harris, with a pretended show of liberal feeling, "the boy *is* your son, he *is* the son of your lawfully wedded *wife*, my lord, and he *is your heir*."

A pallid hue overspread Lord Kingswood's features.

"I cannot, dare not acknowledge him!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with a shudder.

"Not, to the world, assuredly," replied Sir Harris; "but you will not abandon, discard, repudiate him altogether?"

"What can I, what dare I do, without damnifying my own position—my own asseverations?" cried Lord Kingswood, with a perplexed air. "I confess to you, Stanhope, that in spite of myself, my heart is occasionally drawn towards the boy with a fasscination I have scarcely the power to control, and at other times a feeling of intense hostility and hatred to him comes over me which even urges me to seek his life. I would willingly do much, do greatly for him, but my position with respect to him and to his claims wholly precludes my serving him."

"Do not be too hasty, my lord, in reaching this conclusion," observed Sir Harris Stanhope, thoughtfully. "Much may be done for him without your appearing personally in the matter. Where is Mr. Gower? I presume still with Horace Vernon?"

"I do not know," returned Lord Kingswood.

"He of course is a party to the suit about to be prosecuted against you," continued Sir Harris. "Now it appears to me that it would be very desirable to get hold of him before that suit comes on, to appeal to his youthful and generous feelings, promise to him a high and secured position in the Government of India, say; and having obtained his consent, which, with such bright prospects before him, he will hardly withhold, you can ship him off; let him work his way up, as Mr. Gower, to any height he can; the higher the better; backed by your lordship's secret influence, almost any post is open to him. Believing himself to be illegitimate, he will keep his own secret, and you will thus succeed in cutting the ground completely from under the feet of Vernon's revenge, and of gratifying your own generous nature in amply providing for your offspring brought into this world of trials under such unhappy circumstances."

"Your suggestion is not without its merits, I admit," returned Lord Kingswood, musing. "Indeed I should be very glad if it could be realized. Yet I do not see, if I am not to appear in any arrangements to be made with him, how I can employ an agent without compromising myself."

"Leave the management of the affair in my hands," rejoined Sir Harris, a little eagerly. "I fancy that I can exercise a certain influence over him—perhaps your lordship is not aware that an intimacy exists between him and my son Carlton."

"Unquestionably I do not," said his lordship.

"It is unnecessary to explain how this has occurred—we will leave that to the future," continued Sir Harris. "It will serve for the moment that it does exist; nor is that all. A plan has just occurred to me, which, if it meets your lordship's approbation, I am prepared to proceed with and to execute, although I must do so at a great personal sacrifice—"

"I desire you to make no sacrifices for me, my dear Stanhope, without being assured that I will amply recompense you for them," interposed Lord Kingswood, quickly.

"I am convinced of that, my lord," he returned; "but I think, my lord, you will acknowledge that you can offer me no recompense for the sacrifice I am prepared to make. Let me explain my plan. From what I have seen, from what I have heard, Mr. Gower is haughty, proud, and almost intractable, but he possesses very high and honorable principles and feelings."

"I do not doubt it," said Lord Kingswood.

"I quite feel the difficulty of inducing him to fall into our views, and the necessity of giving him a powerful inducement to remain steady in the path your lordship will trace out for him," continued Sir Harris. "The brilliant offer of high and responsible posts, accompanied with honors and decorations, may dazzle at first his imagination, but the difficulties, the trials, the cares, and the unthankfulness of official life, may soon weary and disgust him, and induce him to return home probably at some inopportune moment. Now, my views is to marry him before he sets out from England."

"Marry him!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with an air of astonishment.

"Yes, my lord," replied Sir Harris, rubbing his hands gently one over the other. "A family will probably follow his arrival in India, and that will prove a responsibility which, whatever may be the trials he will undergo, will keep him at his post."

Sir Harris paused, but Lord Kingswood waved his hand. "I like the idea amazingly," he said; "go on, my dear Stanhope, and tell me what kind of alliance you would form for him."

"This brings me at once to the point, my lord," responded Sir Harris. "Your lordship observed on your arrival this morning that my daughter, Beatrice, looked paler and more delicate and less sprightly than is her wont."

"I did," replied Lord Kingswood, a slight change stealing over his countenance.

"Beatrice has seen Mr. Gower—they have met, and he has undoubtedly fascinated her," replied Sir Harris, absorbing with his nostrils a large quantity of snuff. "I am given to understand that Gower is himself equally smitten, but that, uncertain of his future, he very honorably withdrew himself from the influence of her attractions, and the consequence has been her faded looks and dull spirits. Now, my lord, where young hearts are enmeshed they are seldom affected by considerations which influence older and wiser heads. My belief is that Beatrice would marry Mr. Erle Gower if he were a penniless, unknown adventurer; and he would make her his the moment that he was assured he would be enabled to maintain her in a respectable style. Now, I know that he *is* your son, my lord, legally and lawfully, though for ever I shall confine that secret to my own breast. I will, therefore, bring this union about, give my consent, celebrate it privately, and leave your lordship to do the rest."

"My dear Stanhope," returned Lord Kingswood, "you overpower me with the obligation you are pressing upon me. I should never have conceived a plan so admirably suited to my views in every way; or if I had conceived it, I should have despaired carrying it into execution. I leave the matter entirely in your hands. I will take the prosperity and the happiness of the young couple into my own keeping, without appearing to do so, as soon as your part of the business is complete, but let me impress upon you the necessity of not losing a moment in the execution of your project. It will be a great thing to rob Vernon of his principal witness, and so extract the venomous sting from his intended revenge."

"Your lordship may rely upon me," returned Sir Harris. "I will not lose an instant, and I will keep your lordship acquainted with my proceedings as I go on. There is my son Carlton, by the way—"

Lord Kingswood drew out his watch, and consulted it.

"I must leave you, Stanhope," he said, hastily; "I shall expect to see you shortly at Kingswood House. By-the-bye, there is a neat little appointment just vacant, which will suit your son Carlton. Send him to me at this hour to-morrow morning."

"Oh, my lord," exclaimed Sir Harris, with an air of very humble gratitude.

"Not a word," said Lord Kingswood, checking him; "but pray keep faith with me this time."

"My life upon my truth, my lord," returned Sir Harris, with emphasis.

Lord Kingswood smiled pleasantly, wrung him by the hands, and hurried away.

As Sir Harris listened for the departure of his carriage wheels, he exclaimed—"Erle Gower *is* Lord Kingswood's son and heir. Beatrice shall wed him. When the knot is fast tied, then shall she occupy a high seat beneath Kingswood towers. The Honorable Mistress Erle Kingswood, anon Lady Kingswood, of Kingswood. *I* am the only living witness. O, but I will weave my children's fortune out of that one fact. Ho! Atrice! love! Atrice! I have such news for you!"

Uttering these words aloud, he hastened to his daughter's chamber.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Lord Kingswood quitted the house of Sir Harris Stanhope with greatly improved spirits. It was something extraordinary to feel so light-hearted, and he appreciated it exceedingly. The sky was blue and bright—that is, as blue and bright as London's smoke will permit it to be—and the air seemed fresh and fragrant—a wild delusion, it is true, but in his present frame of mind all thinks looked cheerful and smelt savory. He had suffered so acutely both what had happened, and in anticipation of what might happen, that now a heavy load was removed from breast and brain, a radiant glory appeared to gild every thing upon which he turned his eyes. The very faces of the passers by seemed smiling, as though they had just heard good news, and he smiled himself, for he had heard good news, too.

He had some difficulty in finding Gray's Mount, for it was situated in a locality of which he knew nothing; but at length he stood before the door of old Pengreep, and looked inquiringly up at the house.

He ascended the steps, and knocked at the door with a gentle strength, and it was almost immediately opened by a tall, gaunt old man, with pallid, wrinkled face, and who gazed at his visitor with a sharp, quick look.

"Your name is Pengreep?" said his lordship, in an under tone. "I wish to speak with you."

"Your name is Lord Kingswood; come in," was the laconic reply.

Lord Kingswood was surprised at being thus recognized, but he did not make any observation respecting it. He simply complied with the invitation of old Pengreep, and entered the house.

Pengreep closed the door behind him, and turned the key in the lock. Then ascending the stairs, he said—

"Follow me, my lord."

Lord Kingswood obeyed, and was invited into old Pengreep's *sanctum sanctorum*.

The old man observed a similar precaution to that he had performed below, and locked the chamber door.

Lord Kingswood remarked it, and said, inquiringly, "Is it necessary to exercise such extreme caution? Are you in fear of undesirable intrusion?"

A peculiar grin played on the features of old Pengreep.

"My lord, he said, significantly, "you are in the enemy's camp. You are here to make overtures to one of the chiefs arrayed against you. If I am caught by any of my own side listening to you I shall be challenged with a disposition to entertain your lordship's propositions, and be declared guilty of treason."

"Very good. I see the necessity for caution now, and I approve of it," responded Lord Kingswood. "You will, however, I hope, listen to me, and, I trust, entertain my propositions."

"I am prepared to listen to your lordship or I should not have admitted you here," returned Pengreep. "Whether I shall entertain your lordship's proposition will materially depend, first, upon what they may embody, and secondly, the inducement."

"I understand," said his lordship.

There was a moment's pause, which Lord Kingswood broke by saying—"You are, I think, acquainted with my valet?"

A singularly malicious grin, which, however, displayed also an expression of intense enjoyment, twisted up Pengreep's wrinkled face.

"I think I am," he replied.

"I am aware," said his lordship," "that he attempted to outwit you."

"And I am aware, my lord, that he has singularly outwitted himself," rejoined Pengreep, with another silent but expressive grin.

"Without going into particulars respecting the skillful exercise of cunning which you have both displayed," continued his lordship, "I will confine myself to the matter which more immediately concerns myself. I have learned from him that you are in full possession of certain unfortunate incidents which occurred in the early part of my life, and in which I was one of the principal actors. Is that so?"

"It is, my lord," replied Pengreep, emphatically.

"Enough," rejoined his lordship. "It is also true that you have been acting for many years for Mr. Vernon—engaged in tracing out all the circumstances, searching for links, and procuring them until you have succeeded in forming a chain of evidence which, when produced, will imperil the position of Lady Kingswood and controvert the title of my son the Honorable Mr. Cyril Kingswood to be my heir at law."

"You appear to approach this very serious matter with great deliberation and calmness, my lord," observed old Pengreep.

"I have well grounded reasons for so doing," returned his lordship.

"I am not disposed to dispute your statements, my lord," rejoined Pengreep; "I have only to inform your lordship that I have obtained that chain of evidence link by link, and that your lordship, whatever may be your well grounded reasons for calmness, will be totally unable to disprove it when produced."

"That for the future, if it should come to the issue," remarked Lord Kingswood. "I am, however, prepared to admit one thing. My position as a member of the Government, and my rank as a descendant of an ancient and noble family, would render a trial in which certain accusations would be brought up against me—"

"And substantiated," interpolated old Pengreep.

Lord Kingswood waved his hand to deprecate interruption, and continued—"Would be extremely annoying to myself and most painful to the feelings of Lady Kingswood and my son."

"No doubt," chimed in old Pengreep.

"I am, therefore, most anxious to prevent the suit already commenced against me proceeding to trial."

"I can well believe that, my lord," remarked old Pengreep, keeping up his offensive fire of interruptions.

"I have, therefore, sought you with a view of offering you a most handsome compensation if you will transfer to me the services you have hitherto rendered to Mr. Vernon."

"I have served Mr. Vernon for very many years," replied old Pengreep reflectively, "and he has always very liberally compensated me. I presume you would regard me as a precious scoundrel if I were to be guilty of such a monstrous piece of treachery."

"I do not regard such a transaction in that harsh light," rejoined Lord Kingswood, quickly. "You have served one person for many years, and another offers you far higher terms; it would simply be an act of prudence and self-justice to accept the better offer."

"And go over to the highest bidder—secrets and all?" added Pengreep, significantly.

"When an employer purchases the service of a skillful artisan, he purchases with them all his previous knowledge," argued Lord Kingswood; "but," he subjoined, somewhat tartly, "I am unprepared to argue this question in such a fashion. You know why I am here it is clear. What—if you consent to my views—do you require of me?"

"That is proceeding to business, my lord, I admit," returned old Pengreep, rubbing his hands. "Before I can answer your question, my lord, be good enough to inform me what you absolutely expect me to place in your hands and to do for you afterwards?"

"Briefly, then," replied his lordship, "I require from you that packet of papers which my valet obtained, but which you recovered, and subsequently nothing more than to keep a profound silence respecting me and my affairs. The papers I seek include a marriage certificate extracted from a parochial register, and a copy of it, together with such other documents as may bear on the legality of that marriage. You have these papers yet, I believe?"

"I have, my lord," returned old Pengreep.

"Name your price!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood. "I am aware of their value, and am disposed to be liberal."

Old Pengreep's face changed color, and presented as many hues as a dying dolphin. He compressed his hands together, and then wiped thick drops of perspiration from his brow. He cleared his voice, which had suddenly become husky, and said—

"You ask me to knock down the labors of a life-time. You demand of me to yield up the long-cherished implements of a stern man's implacable revenge. You ask of me to give you the fruits of many long, weary, continuous and arduous labors; and you require me to put a price upon it, as though it were an ell of cloth or a silver goblet."

"Shall I tell you, man, that the clergyman, Weathersley, who performed the marriage ceremony, and who afterwards, under the name of Brand, retired to Kendal, is dead; that the only witness present at that marriage is in my power, and cannot be made to state what he will not remember; and that, therefore, your documents are legally valueless? Let me add, however, that when I ask you to name a price I do so in no huckstering spirit, but with a view of rewarding you far beyond what you would have received, or what you could have expected to have received, had you remained faithful to the service of Horace Vernon. Close with me or not as you will, my course is determined, and it cannot be affected directly, though it may in some degree be prejudiced, by the production of the documents I seek to obtain. I am anxious to avoid the talk—why disguise it?—the scandal such a trial would necessarily give rise to, that is all."

Old Pengreep displayed a great deal of nervous restlessness; he moved his mouth about as if his tongue were parched. The reference to the dead clergyman seemed sensibly to affect him, and he was puzzled and perplexed by the singular coolness and firmness which Lord Kingswood exhibited, and he was in some degree awed by the haughty loftiness which was almost natural to Lord Kingswood.

At length he said, in quiet tones—"I cannot affix any price, my lord, either to the articles I shall place in your hands, or to my services; they are of a value which can only be determined by yourself. I am sure your lordship is generous, liberal and noble. I will place the documents in your hands, and throw myself exclusively upon your lordship's generosity."

"And I will reward you, Pengreep, beyond your most sanguine expectations," rejoined Lord Kingswood, promptly.

Old Pengreep went to an antique secretary which stood in the corner of the room, and opened it. He appeared to ferret among some papers, and eventually he touched a spring, a band of wood flew out, and disclosed a secret drawer. This he opened, and brought forth a packet of papers endorsed with the name of "Kingswood." He brought them and handed them to Lord Kingswood.

His lordship took them and opened them, and his hand trembled as he turned each paper over. At length he opened one—it was the copy of the certificate of his marriage in the little church of Avening. His eyes swam with a momentary gush of tears, but in a moment they were dry again, and the paper was put aside. Then he next came to a large sheet of paper folded up: it was the leaf torn from the register book.

He examined it carefully, and turning to Pengreep, he said,

"I am at a loss to understand why Vernon should have caused this leaf to be extracted from the book, when, in the interests of his revenge, it should have remained there intact, to be produced when needed."

"Mr. Vernon believed, my lord, that you would forestall him in the deed," returned Pengreep, quickly. "You would have prevented its production by destroying it—he preserved it, that it might be produced."

A sickly smile passed over the face of Lord Kingswood. "The most carefully prepared plan, the work of long thought, nourished, fostered, kept latent for years, may thus be frustrated in a moment," he said, as he folded up the packet and placed it in an inner pocket of his coat.

"There are here all the papers which Verson and yourself have gathered from first to last of this unhappy affair?" he added, after a minute's silent thought.

"There is, my lord," said Pengreep, promptly.

"The—the particulars of the—the death of—" Lord Kingswood stammered, as he uttered his words and abruptly paused.

"The clergyman," suggested old Pengreep.

"No!" cried Lord Kingswood, impatiently.

"The lady?" suggested Pengreep.

Lord Kingswood bowed his head in assent.

"Yes, my lord, full particulars," returned Pengreep.

"Pray how long after the birth of the—her child, did the sad event occur?" he asked in a subdued tone.

A wild, fierce flash gleamed in the eyes of Pengreep, but he instantly bent his head down, and said, almost in a tone of apathy, "About three years, my lord."

Lord Kingswood groaned. He clutched at the packet of papers within the pocket of his coat, and thought of Lady Kingswood, but no word escaped his lips.

"All the papers relative to her decease and to her burial you will find within the packet," observed old Pengreep, with a strange malicious glare in his eyes.

"It is well," murmured his lordship, passing his hand hastily over his eyes.

Then he said hastily, as if a sudden recollection forced itself upon him—"The child of which we have been speaking was abducted from the mother when but a few months old, and placed in the hands of persons, presumed to be trustworthy. They said it died, and they swore that they were present at its death, and afterwards buried it."

"They lied," said old Pengreep, laconically.

"I have been informed by one who has an interest in deceiving me that the child did not die, but was stolen from those who had charge of it."

"Recaptured, my lord," corrected Pengreep, with ironical emphasis. "It was stolen in the first instance."

"Is the assertion true?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"It is, my lord," he replied, with a short, triumphant laugh. "It was I who, through a clue given to me by Mr. Vernon, watched my opportunity and bore it away under his instructions. I afterwards placed it where it was educated, namely, at Avening, within sight of the church in which his mother was married."

Lord Kingswood winced again, but though he felt acutely, he controlled his emotions with much firmness.

"You can answer me, in that case, a most important question," he said, calmly, without betraying how intensely interested in it he was. "My valet, returning to me from an interview with you, brought me a strange story to the effect that the child of which you have been speaking was—"

"A girl," interrupted old Pengreep, "who was brought up in Kingswood Chace, and was known to the people on your estate as the WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE."

The old man uttered his words with a strange vehemence, and even tossed up his arms in the air as if under some strange excitement.

Lord Kingswood felt a cold and deadly faintness seize him. He rose from his seat, and dropped back again into it.

He essayed several times to speak, and gasped out rather than spoke—"You did repeat that story to him I am to understand. But it was not true—it was a mockery—a coinage of your own brain."

"My lord, I dare not say that it was exactly that," returned old Pengreep. "I have myself indeed often been bewildered upon the point. More, indeed, of late than ever."

"Explain," ejaculated Lord Kingswood, almost inaudibly.

"Mr. Vernon, many years since, directed me to a cot in the depths of a forest in the heart of Gloucestershire, and there, in the sunshine of the morning, playing before the door, I saw a little child, and I bore it away. I placed it in his hands as soon as I reached the spot where he awaited me, and he immediately leaped into a carriage to which four horses were attached, and galloped away with it. Twelve months elapsed ere he placed it in my hands again. In the excitement attendant on seizing the child and bearing it from its forest home, I confess I did not observe its features; so that when Mr. Vernon gave Mr. Erle Gower into my charge, and bade me bear him to Avening, to certain persons who were prepared to receive him, I took it for granted that he was the same child that I abstracted from the forest. Subsequently I discovered—it is unnecessary to say under what circumstances—that Mr. Horace Vernon was passing a solitary life in Kingswood Chace."

Lord Kingswood started to his feet.

"In Kingswood Chace?" he iterated, with amazement.

"Even there, my lord, tending, rearing, and educating a young girl, who was never permitted to wander beyond a certain range. I confess I am only partially informed on this part of Mr. Vernon's history. I may be able to learn more; but this I know, my lord, that while Mr. Erle exactly resembles you, the young girl Violet, whom he has reared, as *exactly resembles the lady you married at Avening.*"

Lord Kingswood dropped down in his seat as if shot.

For a time he could not speak. At length he muttered incoherently—"What horrible mystery is here enveloped! The boy stolen—the counterpart of myself—the girl like—like—"

"Erla! my lord," cried Pengreep, sharply. "Erla of Kingswood Chace, too, my lord."

Lord Kingswood's eyes flashed upon him. "How know you," he cried, "that name—"

"My lord, I know more than you dream of," returned Pengreep, significantly; "but I cannot yet enlighten you on the point you wish to be cleared up. Yet I believe I shall be able to do so, and that before long. In the meantime, let me suggest that the traditions of your House are strange, wild, and mysterious. That the lives of those lords of Kingswood who have preceded you have been surrounded with mysteries. That your life has been marked with events no less wild and strange, and that though I have placed in your hands papers which are necessary for the legal heir to your title and your estates to assert his rights, yet the same mysterious fate which exerts its influence over you may, in spite of all your plans and efforts, place him in his rightful position of Lord of Kingswood. With that I have nought, however, to do: his destiny is not mine nor is yours. I merely require the reward which is due to me for placing so great a power to preserve your good name and defeat the plots of your bitterest enemy in your hands."

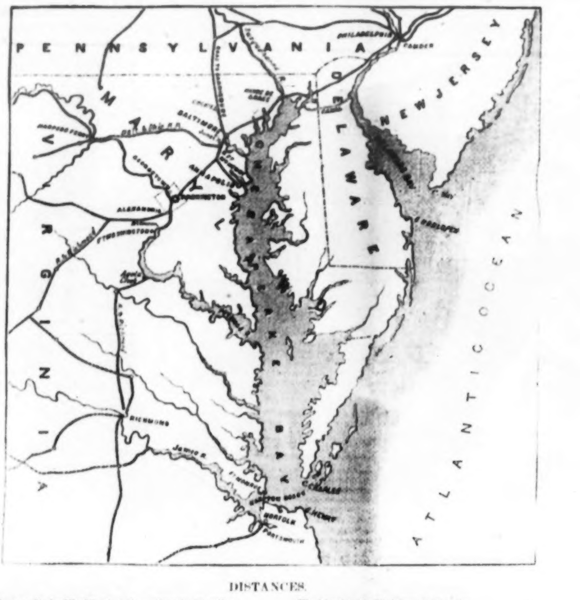
Lord Kingswood, scarcely able to articulate a word, flung to him a pocket-book. "It contains notes to a considerable amount," he said, huskily, "yet it is but an instalment. Come to me in a day or two. I shall require your presence. I have yet much to ask you. Send up an envelope, with your card enclosed, and let your visit be made at night, as near midnight as possible. I cannot say more to you now."

Old Pengreep bowed, and conducted him to the door, and Lord Kingswood passed out into the street.

He had got possession of the coveted packet, yet his return to Kingswood House was made in a gloomier and sadder spirit than when he left it.

Old Pengreep fastened the outer door and scrambled up stairs. He locked himself in his room. "A gold mine!" he cried, in hoarse, chuckling tones. "A gold mine! Treachery! Who said treachery? Selling copies of the originals cannot be treachery!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



DISTANCES.

Annapolis to Washington (by railroad), 39 miles.
Philadelphia to Havre de Grace, 62 miles.
Havre de Grace to Baltimore, 36 miles.
Baltimore to Harper's Ferry, 81 miles.
Washington to Richmond, 86 miles.
Baltimore to Washington, 38 miles.
Baltimore to Harrisburg, 86 miles.
Washington to New York, 226 miles.

The above map, for which we are indebted to the kindness of that excellent periodical, the *Scientific American*, will be found interesting for reference at this period.

The Relay House, about which so much has been said recently, is at the Junction of the Baltimore and Ohio, and Baltimore and Washington railroads.

Ellicott's Mills is on the Baltimore and Ohio road, about 5 miles *west* of the Relay House.

Point of Rocks is on the same road about 15 miles *east* of Harper's Ferry.

◆

AN OHIO GIRL ENLISTS TO JOIN HER LOVER.—A young girl of Ohio, whose lover had enlisted, determined to join him. She was inspected, accepted and sworn in with the rest of the company, marched to Camp Jackson, Ohio, drilled there several days, when she was sent with the third Ohio Regiment to Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati. Here she assisted in all the duties of forming a new camp, handling lumber, standing sentry, &c., until Saturday last, when ascertaining, for the first time, that there were two Camp Dennisons, and that while she was in one her lover was in the other, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, she went to Col. Marrow, and requested to be changed from the company she was in, giving as her reason that she preferred to associate with Americans, and her company was composed of Irishmen.

Her real design was, when her request should be granted, to choose a place in one of the companies of the Second Regiment, not knowing that it would be impossible to change her from one regiment to another. Col. M. discovered the secret of her sex.

Marshal Thompson supplied her with apparel more appropriate to her sex, having enrobed herself in which, she expressed a desire to leave, as she had friends in the city with whom she could sojourn. She was released.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A PENNSYLVANIAN MISSING.—The following appeared in the Harrisburg Patriot and Union:—Col. C. M. Straub, of Schuylkill county, formerly a Senator from that district, left this city for Washington some time in February, since which nothing has been heard of him. He left with the evident intention of returning in a short time, leaving his clothing in his room at the State Capital Hotel. His family are greatly distressed, and are exceedingly anxious to have some information of him. The supposition is that he went South, and, in the present state of affairs, is so situated as to be unable to return. If any person is cognizant of Mr. Straub's whereabouts, they will greatly relieve the distress of his family by communicating with Col. Henry Omit, of this city.

A DESPATCH from Charleston to the Savannah Republican says:—"Wagner's improved rifle cannon has been tested and found to throw a shell seven miles. Preparations are on foot to compliment the Niagara with a few."

SOLDIERS' HEALTH.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS TO VOLUNTEERS.

1. In any ordinary campaign, sickness disables or destroys three times as many as the sword.

2. On a march, from April to November, the entire clothing should be a colored flannel shirt, with a loosely buttoned collar, cotton drawers, woollen pantaloons, shoes, and stockings, and a light colored felt hat, with broad brim to protect the eyes and face from the glare of the sun and from the rain, and a substantial but not heavy coat when off duty.

3. Sun-stroke is most effectually prevented by wearing a silk handkerchief in the crown of the hat.

4. Colored blankets are best, and if lined with brown drilling, the warmth and durability are doubled, while the protection against dampness from lying on the ground is almost complete.

5. Never lie or sit down on the grass or bare earth for a moment; rather use your hat—a handkerchief, even, is a great protection. The warmer you are, the greater need for this precaution, as a damp vapor is immediately generated, to be absorbed by the clothing, and to cool you off too rapidly.

6. While marching, or on other active duty, the more thirsty you are, the more essential is it to safety of life itself, to rinse out the mouth two or three times, and *then* take a swallow of water at a time, with short intervals. A brave French general, on a forced march, fell dead on the instant by drinking largely of cold water, when snow was on the ground.

7. Abundant sleep is essential to bodily efficiency, and to that alertness of mind which is all-important in an engagement; and few things more certainly and more effectually prevent sound sleep than eating heartily after sundown, especially after a heavy march or desperate battle.

8. Nothing is more certain to secure endurance and capability of long continued effort, than the avoidance of everything as a drink except cold water, NOT excluding coffee at breakfast. Drink as little as possible of even cold water.

9. After any sort of exhausting effort, a cup of coffee, hot or cold, is an admirable sustainer of the strength, until nature begins to recover herself.

10. Never eat heartily just before a great undertaking, because the nervous power is irresistibly drawn to the stomach to manage the food eaten, thus drawing off that supply which the brain and muscles so much need.

11. If persons will drink brandy, it is incomparably safer to do so *after* an effort than before, for it can only give a transient strength, lasting but a few minutes; but as it can never be known how long any given effort is to be kept in continuance, and if longer than the few minutes, the body becomes more feeble than it would have been without the stimulus, it is clear that the use *before* an effort is always hazardous, and is always unwise.

12. Never go to sleep, especially after a great effort, even in hot weather, without some covering over you.

13. Under all circumstances, rather than lie down on the bare ground, lie in the hollow of two logs placed together, or across several smaller pieces of wood laid side by side; or sit on your hat, leaning against a tree. A nap of ten or fifteen minutes in that position will refresh you more than an hour on the bare earth, with the additional advantage of perfect safety.

14. A *cut* is less dangerous than a bullet-wound, and heals more rapidly.

15. If from any wound the blood spirts out in jets instead of a steady stream, you will die in a few minutes unless it is remedied, because an artery has been divided, and that takes the blood direct from the fountain of life. To stop this instantly, tie a handkerchief or other cloth very loosely BETWEEN!! the wound and the heart; put a stick, bayonet, or ramrod *between* the skin and the handkerchief, and twist it around until the bleeding ceases, and keep it thus until the surgeon arrives.

16. If the blood flows in a slow, regular stream, a vein has been pierced, and the handkerchief must be on the other side of the wound from the heart; that is, *below* the wound.

17. A bullet through the abdomen (belly or stomach) is more certainly fatal than if aimed at the head or heart; for in the latter cases the ball is often glanced off by the bone, or follows round it under the skin; but when it enters to stomach or bowels, from any direction, death is inevitable under all conceivable circumstances, but is scarcely ever instantaneous. Generally the person lives a day or two with perfect clearness of intellect, often *not* suffering greatly. The practical bearing of this statement in reference to the great future is clear.

18. Let the whole beard grow, but not longer than some three inches. This strengthens and thickens its growth, and thus makes a more perfect protection for the lungs against dust, and of the throat against winds and cold in winter, while in the summer a greater perspiration of the skin is induced, with an increase of evaporation; hence, greater coolness of the parts on the outside, while the throat is less feverish, thirsty, and dry.

19. Avoid fats and fat meats in summer and in all warm days.

20. Whenever possible, take a plunge into any lake or running stream every morning, as soon as you get up; if none at hand, endeavor to wash the body all over as soon as you leave your bed, for personal cleanliness acts like a charm against all diseases, always either warding them off altogether, or greatly mitigating their severity and shortening their duration.

21. Keep the hair of the head closely cut, say within an inch and a half of the scalp in every part, repeated on the first of each month, and wash the whole scalp plentifully in cold water every morning.

22. Wear woollen stockings and moderately loose shoes, keeping the toe and finger nails always cut close.

23. It is more important to wash the feet well every night than to wash the face and hands of mornings, because it aids to keep the skin and nails soft, and to prevent chafings, blisters and corns, all of which greatly interfere with a soldier's duty.

24. The most universally safe position, after all stunnings, hurts and wounds, is that of being placed on the back, the head being elevated three or four inches only—aiding more than any one thing else can do to equalize and restore the proper circulation of the blood.

25. The more weary you are after a march or other work, the more easily will you take cold, if you remain still after it is over, unless the moment you cease motion, you throw a coat or blanket over your shoulders. This precaution should be taken in the warmest weather, especially if there is even a slight air stirring.

26. The greatest physical kindness you can show a severely wounded comrade is first to place him on his back, and then run with all your might for some water to drink; not a second ought to be lost. If no vessel is at hand, take your hat; if no hat, off with your shirt, wring it out once, tie the arms in a knot, as also the lower end, thus making a bag, open at the neck only. A fleet person can convey a bucketful half a mile in this way. I've seen a dying man clutch at a single drop of water from the finger's end, with the voraciousness of a famished tiger.

27. If wet to the skin by rain or by swimming rivers, keep in motion until the clothes are dried, and no harm will result.

28. Whenever it is possible, do, by all means, when you have to use water for cooking or drinking from ponds or sluggish streams, boil it well, and when cool, shake it, or stir it, so that the oxygen of the air shall get to it, which greatly improves it for drinking. This boiling arrests the process of fermentation which arises from the presence of organic and inorganic impurities, thus tending to prevent cholera and all bowel diseases. If there is no time for boiling, at least strain it through a cloth, even if you have to use a shirt or trowser-leg.

29. Twelve men are hit in battle, dressed in red, where there are only five, dressed in a bluish gray, a difference of more than two to one; green, seven; brown, six.

30. Water can be made almost ice cool in the hottest weather, by closely enveloping a filled canteen, or other vessel, with woollen cloth kept plentifully wetted and exposed.

31. While on a march, lie down the moment you halt for a rest; every minute spent in that position refreshes more than five minutes standing or loitering about.

32. A daily evacuation of the bowels is indispensable to bodily health, vigor, and endurance; this is promoted, in many cases, by stirring a tablespoonful of corn (Indian) meal in a glass of water, and drinking it on rising in the morning.

33. LOOSE BOWELS, namely, acting more than once a day, with a feeling of debility afterwards, is the first step toward cholera; the best remedy is instant and perfect quietude of body, eating nothing but boiled rice with or without boiled milk; in more decided cases, a woollen flannel, with two thicknesses in front, should be bound tightly around the abdomen, especially if marching is a necessity.

34. To have "been to the wars" is a life-long honor, increasing with advancing years, while to have died in defence of your country will be the boast and the glory of your children's children.

W. W. HALL, M. D.

MILITARY MATTERS.

ARMY RATIONS.—For the benefit of the captains of companies we give a schedule of the rations furnished to the regular army, which may prove useful to the volunteers not yet ordered off:—

Articles.	One Ration.	100 Rations.
Pork, or	12 oz.	75 ℔s.
Beef (salt) or	20 oz.	125 ℔s.
Beef (fresh)	20 oz.	125 ℔s.
Flour, or	18 oz.	112½ ℔s.
Hard bread	12 oz.	75 ℔s.
Hard bread at sea, or on a camp'n, or m'h	1 ℔.	100 ℔s.
Beans	—	8 quarts or 15 ℔s.
Rice	—	10 ℔s.
Coffee	—	10 ℔s.
Sugar	—	15 ℔s.
Vinegar	—	1 gallon.
Candles	—	1½ ℔s.
Soap	—	4 ℔s.
Salt	—	2 quarts.
Dessicated mixed vegetables	1 oz.	5½ ℔s.
Dessicated potatoes	1½ oz.	9⅜ ℔s.

The captain of every company should see that his men are provided with this quota of provisions for every day he expects to be on the march, and there would be no complaints about the deficiency in the commissariat.

GUARD AGAINST SUN-STROKE.—A gentleman who has returned from New Orleans wishes to suggest that our troops be furnished with a white linen cape to cover their heads, necks and shoulders, from the sun. He says all the Southern troops are furnished with them. The cape is made so as to fit tight around the rim of the cap and then hang loosely over the head and neck. The suggestion is worthy the attention of those who are fitting out our troops. A correspondent sends us the following recipe for the same thing—"A few green leaves in the top of the hat will protect the head from sun-stroke." A handkerchief will do also.

SOLDIERS, LOOK TO YOUR GUNS.—The 14th Regiment during the interval from the time they expected to enter service, until their departure were admirably and indefatigably drilled. One of the sentinels on duty, noticed one of his officers approach.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

The word was given; but the officer said, "Is that the way you hold your gun. Give it to me and let me show you how it should be held."

The recruit innocently handed over the "instrument," when a corporal was called and the soldier was consigned to the Guard House. The lesson intended to be conveyed and which will possibly not be forgotten, is never, under any circumstances, to part with your gun while on guard.—*N. Y. Courier.*

YOU CAN'T COME IN.—New recruits sometimes find difficulty in remembering the countersign, and in consequence experience difficulty. One of these, at the Brooklyn Armory, tried to pass a sentinel, an old acquaintance, but was ordered to stand back, when he made an effort to accomplish his purpose after the manner of Rolla with the old Castilian:

"Soldier, have you a wife?"

"I have."

"Children?"

"Yes, four lovely ones, *but for all that you can't come in.*"

And he didn't.—*N. Y. Courier.*

THE NEW ENGLAND MEN IN MARYLAND.—The following story is told by a Lieutenant of the *New York Seventh*:—

"While encamped in Maryland, I wandered off one day and came to a farm-house, where I saw a party of those Massachusetts fellows—well, no, they were Rhode Island boys, but it's all the same—talking with a woman who was greatly frightened. They tried in vain to quiet her apprehensions. They asked for food, and she cried, 'O, take all I have, take everything, but spare my sick husband.' 'O, darn it,' said one of the men, 'we ain't going to hurt you; we want something to eat.'"

"But the woman persisted in being frightened in spite of all efforts to re-assure her, and hurried whatever food she had on the table. But when she saw this company stand about the table with bowed heads, and a tall, gaunt man raise his hand, and invoke God's blessing on the bounties spread before them, the poor woman broke down with a fit of sobbing and crying. She had no longer any fears, but bid them wait, and in a few moments had made them hot coffee in abundance. She then emptied their canteens of the muddy water they contained, and filled them with coffee. Her astonishment increased when they insisted upon paying her."

HOW TO CLEAN A GUN.—No one should put away a gun without cleaning, not even if it has fired but one shot, that one barrel should be cleaned. First take the barrels off the stock, and immerse them in cold water about 4 inches deep. Then wrap some stout cloth (tow clings to the barrels, and leaves particles in them,) about the cleaning rod, so thick that you will have to press rather hard to get it into the barrels; then pump up and down, changing the cloth till the water comes out clear; then pour hot water in them, stopping up the nipples, and turn them muzzled downward. Then put on dry cloth, and work till you can feel the heat through the barrels, and the cloth comes out without a particle of moisture on it. Then put a few drops of clarified oil (made by putting rusty nails into some good salad oil,) on the cloth and rub the insides; rub the outsides all over and then put the gun away.—*Porter's Spirit.*

THE NEW REGIMENTS.—The following is the number of Infantry regiments to be raised from each State for a total increase of seventy-five regiments of three years volunteers, under the recent determination of the Government.

	Regiments.		Regiments.
New York,	11	Pennsylvania,	10
Ohio,	9	Illinois,	6
Indiana,	4	Massachusetts,	5
Missouri,	4	Kentucky,	2
Wisconsin,	2	Michigan,	3
Iowa,	2	New Jersey,	3
Virginia,	2	Maine,	1
Maryland,	1	Connecticut,	1
New Hampshire,	1	Vermont,	1
Rhode Island,	1	Minnesota,	1
Delaware,	1	Kansas,	1
Nebraska,	1	District of Columbia,	1

The other regiment, namely of cavalry, is not yet assigned.

The general Government is doing what it can through its Commissary and Quartermaster General's offices, to take proper care of the volunteers and contingents of the States as they arrive, but it will always be prudent on the part of the States to have in Washington, or on the route in advance of their troops, a member of the State General Staff, to provide for contingents and see that the troops are properly cared for. The regimental staff is, in the meantime, necessarily to be with the several regiments. This provision on the part of the States will add much to the comfort and good temper of these troops. Much annoyance would have been avoided had this matter been attended to as above suggested from the first.

Gov. Curtin has been informed that two of the Pennsylvania regiments have been stricken off—that there can be no favoritism, and that Pennsylvania must confine herself strictly to the number called for. The Governor replies that as they have been accepted, he has no power to strike them off.

OPINION OF THE TIMES' AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.—Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, now in the Southern States, writes to that paper, under date of 16th of April:

"The die is cast, and civil war now exists in this country. Without cause, the Gulf States have rushed into the rebellion, and must now suffer the consequences of their act; for the States that remain loyal to the Union are now unanimous in the determination that the Government shall be supported, and that this wicked treason, which, without provocation, has essayed to overturn one of the few free Governments of the earth, and establish in its place a military despotism, ruled by an irresponsible oligarchy, where freedom of speech and of thought should be suppressed, and only African slavery recognized as a Divine institution, shall be put down at whatever cost of treasure and life. The contest will have but one result, whether it be reached at the end of five years or fifty. Let there be no misapprehension in Europe on this point, nor upon the merits of the issue that is made. The line that divides the two combatants is a plain one. On the one side stand the supporters of Constitutional Government—those who favor the preservation of free institutions—those who dread a military despotism—those who believe in the noble principles of Anglo Saxon freedom, that have made England what it is; and on the other side are those who prefer a military Government, founded on treachery and conspiracy—those who would suppress the press, and all the noble results that flow from its freedom—those who regard African slavery as a Divine institution, to be fostered by the Government, at the expense of every other branch of industry in the State. In this contest I frankly confess that I am with the Government of the United States."

THE Bath Times states that Mr. James Hilton, of Alna, Maine, has a female swine, the fond and doting mother of *twelve* infant *swinelets*, all of one litter! She labors, or rather the little ones do, under a serious disadvantage. There are but ten lacteal tubes to the maternal breast for the twelve to draw sustenance from; and they are in the condition of the late crowd of office seekers. If any one has a pig factory to beat this, Mr. Hilton will strike its flag.

THE "Postmaster General" at Montgomery has issued a proclamation announcing that he assumes control of all the mails on the 1st of June.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been very little export demand for flour. About 5000 bbls sold at $5,37½ for common superfine; $5 50@5 75 for standard and good straight do., the latter for choice Lancaster county; $5,75@6 for extras, and $6,37½ for good extra family, including 500 bbls City Mills superfine, at $5,65; 1200 bbls mostly good Pennsylvania extra at $5,87½. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,50 to $7,25 ℘ bbl for fancy brands as in quality. Rye Flour is not inquired for, and selling in a small way only at $3,50 ℘ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet, and Pennsylvania meal scarce and firm at $2,87½ ℘ bbl.

GRAIN.—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and prices under a good demand both for shipment and milling are 3@5c ℘ bus better, with sales of 30,000 bushels to note at 133 to 140c for fair to good and choice western, Pennsylvania and southern reds, in store and afloat, closing at 138c for Pennsylvania and 140c for prime Delaware afloat, and 140 to 160c for white, as in quality, including Prime Pennsylvania at 150; southern 156c and choice Kentucky at 160, the latter in store. Rye is better, and 5000 bus sold at 65@67c for Pennsylvania and 68c for handsome Jersey. Corn declined 2c ℘ bushel, with sales of 50,000 bus to note, mostly at 63c for prime southern yellow afloat, including fair quality at 58@62c. Some prime in store and in the cars at 61@61½c, and western mixed at 60½@61c. Oats have been rather quiet, and about 18,000 bushels found buyers at 32@33½ for southern in the cars and afloat, and 33@34c for Pennsylvania, the latter for selected lots.

PROVISIONS—The market generally is inactive, and bbld Meats sell slowly at $18@18,50 ℘ bbl for Mess Pork, and $15@16 for city Mess Beef. Of Bacon the sales are also light at 10@12c for plain and fancy Hams, 9¾@10c for Sides, and 7¾@8c for Shoulders, usual terms. Green Meats are not much inquired for and dull at 8½@9c for Hams, in salt and pickle, (60 pkgs prime sold at the latter rate,) 6¾@7c for Shoulders, and 9c for Sides. Lard is rather more active, and 500 tcs Western sold at 10c ℘ ℔, cash. Kegs are held at 11c. Butter sells slowly at 11@13c for Roll, as in quality, the demand is very small. Cheese is steady but quiet at 8½@9½c ℘ ℔. Eggs are taken in lots at 8c ℘ dozen.

COTTON—The sales are limited to a few small lots Uplands and Gulfs within the range of 12@15½c, cash and time.

ASHES—Both kinds meet with a limited demand within the range of quotations.

BARK—Quercitron continues steady, with further sales of about 75 hhds at $26,50 for 1st No 1. The receipts and demand are only moderate.

BEESWAX is quiet, but good yellow is firm at 32c ℘ ℔.

COAL—There is a good demand for Anthracite, mostly to supply the Eastern markets, and prices are steadily maintained. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ℘ ton $3,30@3,40, Prepared do $3,30@3,40; Red Ash do $3,30@3,50, Lehigh Lump do $3,50@3,60, Prepared do $3,60; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COPPER is dull. We quote Sheathing 25c, and Yellow Metal 18½@19c ℘ ℔, on time, and very little selling.

COFFEE—The receipts and sales continue light, and the market is very quiet at previous quotations; only about 1000 bags, chiefly Rio, have been disposed of at from 11 to 13½c for common to good and prime quality, including some small lots of Lagayra at 13¾@14c, all on time.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit is very dull, the demand for Apples and Peaches being nearly over. Sales of the latter, however, are reported at 4@5c ℘ ℔ for unpared.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue light, prices ranging at 16@22c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are unsaleable.

IRON—There is nothing doing in pig metal to alter quotations, which range at $21@22 for Anthracite No 1, and $20@21 for No 2, on time.

LEAD—Galena is held at $5,50 the 100 ℔s, cash; a sale of 1000 pigs was made at $5,44.

LUMBER—There is no change in white or yellow Pine Boards, and very little doing in the way of sales. Hemlock raft lumber sells at $6@7. Laths and pickets are plenty, and prices unsettled.

MOLASSES continues depressed and dull, and the only sales we hear of are about 200 bbls prime Orleans at 35c, on time.

PLASTER is dull and unsettled. The last sale made public was at $2,62½ ℘ ton.

RICE continues inactive, and a small business to note at 5¾@6¼c ℘ ℔, the latter in a retail way.

SEEDS—There is little or nothing doing, and prices are nearly nominal at $4@4,50 for Clover, $2@2,25 for Timothy, and $1,45@1,50 ℘ bus for Flaxseed, and but little offering.

SPIRITS of all kinds continue dull and neglected, but foreign is firmly held. Of domestic the sales have also been unusually light. For Whiskey the market is unsettled and lower with a small business only to note at 16@17 for bbls, 16@16½c for drudge, and 17c for hhds.

SUGARS have ruled steady, but very quiet, the week's sales only reaching some 750 hhds, chiefly for refining, at 4¾@5¼c for Cuba, and 5@6¼ for fair to good and prime Porto Rico, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW is firm, but very inactive, and country has been arriving and selling at 8@8¼c. We quote city rendered at 9c ℘ ℔.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing in either leaf or manufactured.

WOOL—The medium and low grades are held with rather more firmness, but there is very little selling, and the market generally is dull at previous quotations.

THE UNION.

[We copy the following extract from the recent speech of Hon. Robert J. Walker, at the late Union mass meeting in Staten Island, New York, because it gives in a condensed shape the common *thought* of the best class of minds in the free States, and the common *feeling* of all classes:]

If this doctrine of secession be founded in truth, we have never had "a Government," "a Constitution," "a supreme law," but a mere voluntary association, from which each State might withdraw at pleasure, not in time of peace only, but in war, and thus have provided in framing the Government for its destruction. To have inserted the right of secession in the Constitution would have been to inscribe its own death warrant on the face of that instrument. Yet the contest in which we are engaged is to establish or overthrow this anarchical doctrine of secession, and this contest can close only in the triumph or defeat of the Government. If defeated on such a question as this, it will be in vain hereafter to speak of the American Government. We will have no Government, and will have acknowledged that we never can establish any hereafter. The great experiment of popular liberty will then have failed; it will have failed here and everywhere, now and forever. We are asked to recognize the Government of the so-called Confederate States. We have no such power; it is forbidden by the Constitution; and if we had such a power, to acknowledge such a Government would be to admit the right of secession, and thus to commit political suicide. Let such a disintegration be once established, and disorganization and secession will become our normal condition, the law of our system. When the South will have separated from the North, how soon will the States of the Pacific separate from those on the Atlantic; the West from the East, and the centre from both sections, until we shall become separate and independent States, engaged in perpetual warfare at home, and the scorn and contempt of all the nations of the world? When I look at the map of this great Republic, and behold it stretching in majestic grandeur from ocean to ocean, and from the Northern lakes to the Gulf, I can never consent to its dismemberment, and, more especially, can I never agree to leave the mouth of the Mississippi in the hands of any foreign power. That stream is the great artery through which flows the life-blood of the nation, and to sever it is death.

If we recognize this so-called Government, they will become to us a foreign and independent nation. They will make treaties first, and then alliances with foreign and with hostile powers. Do they not now ask the aid of England and of France? Do they not already offer them favorable treaties? And how soon, in the certain collision of interests, will we not be called upon to contend with them in alliance with European monarchies? What guarantee have we that they will continue the republican system, and how soon may they inaugurate a monarchy along our whole coterminous boundary? Already they have formed what they call a Government, a Constitution without submitting it to the vote of the people. Already they have violated the great fundamental principle of popular liberty, and upon its ruins they may soon establish a monarchy, or what is more probable, a military despotism, in defiance of that clause of the Constitution which requires us to maintain in each State a "republican Government." No, we can never recognize this so-called Government without overthrowing our own. We can never admit their independence without destroying our own liberty. The struggle is, indeed, for the life or death of the Republic, and we must fight it out to the last with a power and energy worthy the majesty of the American people, and commensurate with the magnitude of the issues that are involved. We shall fight for our country, for our Union, and for the Constitution. We shall fight under that sacred flag which floated over the army of Washington, and which is consecrated by a thousand memories of kindred glory and renown. And what flag have they? They have none rightfully whatever; but what they have is composed of seven stars which, with bloody hands, they have dared to attempt to snatch from the banner of the American Union. Never shall they tear any one of those stars from that banner. Never shall they divide an acre of the soil, or separate a drop of the waters of this great Republic. The fatal word secession is inscribed upon their flag, treason and rebellion are written there, and death to all popular liberty would soon be inscribed upon their banner, and regard for their welfare as well as our own forbid the separation. No! we cannot surrender this Union without a base and cowardly abandonment of a solemn trust committed to us by our forefathers, for the benefit of our country and of mankind. We are the sentinels that guard the last great citadel of human liberty, and if we betray our trust we shall have written not only the epitaph of our own freedom, but have inscribed thereon, in letters never to be effaced, the fatal words—*Man is incapable of self-government.* If we cannot perpetuate this Union, and maintain this Government and this Constitution, founded by Washington and the sages and patriots of the Revolution, how vain and idle the hope of preserving any disintegrated, fragmentary, dismembered system which we might substitute in its place? No! it is this Government and this Union, all whole and inviolate, or no Government and no Union whatsoever. Who would respect our wretched flag with so many stars torn from our banner? Who would regard our Government, thus fallen, dismembered and disgraced? Methinks I hear the derision of Europe and the scoffs of tyrants exulting over the fall of the American Union, and the downfall of the liberties of the world! No! my fellow-citizens, we cannot surrender this flag, or strike a single star from the great constellation. We must strangle, now and forever, the hydra of secession, or it will involve us all in one common ruin. But let us now crush the monster, and although our fields may be crimson, even by fraternal blood, we will emerge from the fiery ordeal—we will come out through the valley of the Shadow of Death, and stand purified, redeemed, exalted by the struggle. The problem of self-government will have been solved, and the great experiment will have proved successful. No citizen of our country, or of the world, will hereafter doubt the permanency of the American Union, or the capacity of man for self-government. Our triumph, in such a struggle, will be the jubilee of liberty throughout the world. Who will falter in such a cause? Who will, for a moment, doubt our success? We cannot, will not, must not, shall not fail. Already the voice of party is silenced. We know now no party but that of our country, and will know none until our flag shall float again, not only over the walls of Sumter, but over every other fort and harbor and State of the American Union.

—A COUPLE of Arizonians, one a native-born Mexican, and the other a boatman from the Mississippi, who had lived in Arizona about a year, fought a duel on horseback, a short time ago, each armed with a lasso. The American, who it was thought would stand no chance in such a novel encounter, except the chance of being strangled, lassoed his foe at the first throw of the noose, and dragged him over the plain at the full speed of his horse, until he was mangled and bruised almost to a jelly.

LIEUT. WARDSWORTH.—We find the following paragraph in a letter to the Vicksburgh Citizen, dated Pensacola, April 20:—

"Lieutenant Wardsworth, U. S. A., before being shot, confessed that the object of the sailboat which landed at Warrington every day, under the flag of truce, was not for the purpose of getting the letters for Fort Pickens, but on the contrary, they carried back with them the letters written home for the Mississippi and Alabama volunteers. A nice trick, wasn't it? It will account for the good folks at home receiving no letters from the cadets."

This is the first intimation that has reached us that Lieutenant Wardsworth, or any other American officer, had been "shot." What does it mean?

RATHER HASTY.—A housekeeper in Manchester, England, complains that the gas company there brought him a bill for the consumption of seven hundred feet of gas, when, in fact, they had not even completed his couplings with the main. Queer people, these gas companies.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1640 head. Prices varying from $8 to 9½ ℔ cwt. 40 Cows were sold at from $22 to 30 ℔ head. 4000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $4,50 to 4,75 ℔ cwt, gross. 1380 Hogs brought from $5½ to 6½ ℔ cwt, net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ISAAC C. STEVENSON, of Baltimore, to Miss EMMA D. DENNY, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 14th instant, by the same, Capt. THOS. P. CLARK, of New Jersey, to Miss NAOMI E. DAY, of this city.

On Sunday, the 5th of May, at the residence of her parents, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. ROBT. STREET, to Miss S. FRANCES DIETZ, daughter of Joseph Dietz, Esq. both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ALLEN J. HUBBS, to Mrs. KATE COFFMAN, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, April 30th, 1861, by the Rev. Roger Owen, Mr. ROBERT J. SHENDAN, of Chestnut Hill, to Miss ANNIE M. HAINES, of Whitemarsh.

On April 3d, 1861, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. FREDERICK MATHOE, to Miss MARY BRUNSON, both of this city.

On the 25th of April, by the Rev. W. S. Hall, CHARLES S. MOWREY, formerly of Petersburg, Va. to MARY E. MILLER, of Philadelphia.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Thos. M. Martin, Mr. CHARLES SCHRODER, to Miss JANE MURR, both of this city.

On Thursday, May 9th, before his Honor, Mayor Henry, by Friends' ceremony, ISAIAH WALTON, of Horsham, Montgomery county, to MARTHA D. ROBERTS, of Wrightstown township, Bucks co.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of Saturday, 11th instant, Mrs. ELIZA HAMILTON, consort of Mr. Henry Warren, Sr. artist.

On the 14th instant, after a lingering illness, ROBERT LENNOX, in his 36th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. MARY A. SHOEMAKER, wife of Geo. Shoemaker, in her 27th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. COURTNEY STEWARD, wife of Mr. Wm. Steward, aged 41 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. GEORGE STOKES, in his 77th year.

On the 13th instant, of congestion of the brain, WILLIAM E. son of Wm. and Letitia Earley, in his 19th year.

On the 14th instant, JAMES W. ELLINGSWORTH, in his 22d year.

On Sunday, the 12th instant, JOHN F. FENNER, Sr. in his 76th year.

Suddenly, May 13th, 1861, at Mount Airy, Mr. CHARLES GORGAS, in his 51st year.

On Sunday morning, May 12th, CATHARINE G. wife of John D. Bayne, in her 37th year.

On the 12th instant, ANN R. widow of the late Mahlon Bradfield, in her 76th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct.	—	—
" 5 " coupon	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct, o'd	86	87
" " new	94	96
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct.	—	—
" County	25	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	—	—
" 5 "	76½	80
Tenn 6 "	—	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	—
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia "	—	—
Ind State pr ct	—	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch' Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	65	67
imp. 6 pr ct	—	—
stock	—	7½
preferred	—	12½
Lehigh Nav stock	48½	49
mort 6 pr ct scrip	34	35
Morris Consol'd	—	45
preferred	102	105
Ches & Del bonds	—	75
Union bonds	—	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	—	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	—	100
2nd "	81	84
stock	35½	36
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	87	—
stock	107½	108
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	76	80
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '86	—	—
stock	15¼	15½
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	27	32
6 pr ct loan '80	—	—
Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	—
2nd "	—	—
stock	—	—
Catawissa	3½	—
Beaver Meadow stock	55	65
preferred 10 pr ct	—	—
North Penn'a R R stock	—	—
6 pr ct loan	55½	56
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock,	46	47
6 pr ct loan	—	—
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	—	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 18, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.
Canada	3 dis.
Connecticut	¼ dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	— dis.
Florida	— dis.
Georgia	— dis.
Illinois	20 dis.
Indiana	3 dis.
Iowa	20 dis.
Kansas	—
Kentucky	10 dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.
Maryland	— dis.
Massachusetts	¼ dis.
Michigan	5 dis.
Minnesota	—
Mississippi	—
Missouri	20 dis.
Nebraska	—
New Brunswick	15 dis.
New Hampshire	¼ dis.
New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
New York City	1-10 dis.
New York State	¼ dis.
North Carolina	20 dis.
Nova Scotia	— dis.
Ohio	1½ dis.
Pennsylvania	par to 3½ dis.
Rhode Island	¼ dis.
South Carolina	— dis.
Tennessee	25 dis.
Texas	—
Vermont	¼ dis.
Virginia	15 dis.
Wisconsin	20 to 25 dis.

UNION ENVELOPES AND LETTER HEADINGS.

Best quality, note and letter size, with beautiful devices and appropriate mottoes, elegantly printed in colors, will be sent by mail, postage paid, at the rate of 50 cents per hundred or $4,50 per thousand. A. M. SPANGLER & CO., Farmer and Gardener office, No. 25 N. 6th St., Philadelphia.
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MANUFACTORY,
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Above Seventh, opposite the Washington House.

Fine SHIRTS and DRAWERS made from measurement at a few days' notice, and in all cases WARRANTED to fit.

LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO WHOLESALE BUYERS. jan5-13teow

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.
aug13-tf

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PATENT LEG & ARM.
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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

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This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold* and *silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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oc16-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

HOME FOR INEBRIATES, *Cleveland, Ohio.*—Sufferers from Alcohol or Opium, send for a circular, giving full information.
ap27-10t T. T. SEELYE, M. D., Proprietor.

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a foetid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

TO OUR LADY FRIENDS.

Amongst the many compounds now offering to our lady friends, there are few that we can so readily recommend as those emanating from the celebrated house of Joseph Burnett & Co. They possess two qualities to which we would especially call attention, viz.: the entire absence of all deleterious substances, and the certainty that they will perform all they are said to do. The unpleasant and oftentimes painful results attending exposure to our most changeable climate upon the skin, may be entirely obviated by the use of BURNETT'S KALLISTON, which has now become so useful an auxilliary to the toilet that no lady considers her dressing-table complete without it.—*N. O. True Delta.*

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.

Sold by dealers generally, at 50c. a bottle.

CHRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

IS

THE ONLY DYE Ever analyzed
THE ONLY DYE Sworn to be poisonless
THE ONLY DYE For a living brown
THE ONLY DYE For a perfect black
THE ONLY DYE That defies detection
THE ONLY DYE That is instantaneous

and the

ONLY DYE

For all who desire to have the color of their hair changed with safety, certainty, and rapidity, to any shade they may desire.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. may25-cow2t

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?

It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
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It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.
It has cured SCALD HEAD.
It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.
It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.

In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—If you do, and your beard won't grow, use my ONGUENT, which will force them to grow in 42 days, and won't stain or injure the skin. Sent by mail, postage free, any where. Price $1.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York.

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous* or *Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous system* or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA.,
January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING.

SIR:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*

Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her.

Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO,
January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,

DEAR SIR:

Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.

Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.

Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜

is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

Homes for the Industrious!

— IN THE —

GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE

1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,

In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS & WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No state in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses; the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,105,398 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

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Wit and Humor.

FUN AMONG THE OIL.

All the papers have been full, for months, of marvellous accounts of the coal oil discoveries in Pennsylvania and elsewhere; but the Monongahela (Pa.) Republican gets off by far the best burlesque on the exaggerations of the oil reports which we have seen. It is as follows:—

Oil Upon Pigeon Creek—A Day's Journey—What we Saw and How we Saw it.

The oil fever has taken such fresh hold upon so many of our friends up the creek, and such wonderful stories are daily brought down to town, that, anxious to develope their truth, we ordered a horse and a buggy, and started for the "theatre of excitement," on a prospecting tour, early last Monday. Taking the valley of Pigeon Creek, we first came to the old salt well at Vanvoorhis' mill. There we found Superintendent Caldwell and his assistants splashing up to the knees in a fine article of oil, worth thirty-seven cents per gallon. They say this oil is very good, and they could make a very good living at it, but Mott Appleton has raised the price of barrels, and they can't afford to save it this year. We understand that Mr. Vanvoorhis offers to lease them ten acres of ground to raise pumpkins on; the seed was brought from California by Hud Williams, who says they will grow large enough to hold five barrels. It is intended to grow these enormous pumpkins—binding them with hickory poles and bracing them inside with oak saplings, to keep them from warping or splitting.

At Blythe's, we found William, Jim and John at work, and they were having first-rate luck. Eight feet from the surface they struck a vein of first quality Cincinnati lard, worth at the mine fourteen cents a pound. They have taken out twenty-two barrels a day for four weeks; are satisfied; don't want to sell.

At Colvin's we found all well, and times prosperous. Twenty-two feet under the ground they struck a vein of wintergreen hair oil, which yielded well. They also found a few pockets of pomatum, and a thin vein of moustache cosmetic; not profitable to work, though some of the girls in the neighborhood have preserved some fine specimens of crystallized pomatum in quartz. Are short of barrels—a fine chance for a good cooper.

At Reed's mill the principal find has been tallow. It is found at the depth of 2,000 feet, mixed with mica, brown stone and white marble. The process of melting tallow is interesting, but we havn't time to describe it. There is generally about seventy-three per cent. of pure tallow.

At Snyder's tan-yard they are putting down a well which promises finely. A little suet is found occasionally in thin deposits, and some fine specimens of whale blubber and red precipitate ointment have been discovered here.

H. Fry is working a fine vein of fresh butter. This valuable mineral is found in great quantities in combination with lard rock, dripping stone and red-hair granite; it is washed with a cradle and long tom, and in some instances worked with a quartz crusher and sluice stones.

At Leander Beazell's we found them busy in boring a well that gave better appearance than any one on the creek—and it was whispered around that the boys had surface indications of sausage meat, with strong hopes of a thick layer of Vandermark's patent fence.

They don't want to sell.

At Witherow's blacksmith shop was a great crowd collected to hear Josiah Taylor tell about the progress of the well. 'Si had come there to get his horse shod, and said at six feet he had tapped a vein of Croton oil as big as a gimblet; at thirteen feet he encountered a layer of soft soap; at fourteen feet he struck a vein of castor oil, discharging a barrel an hour; at fourteen and a half feet he found a valuable nugget of Wilson's pills, a small pocket of oil of cinnamon, and a crevice that yielded ninety hogsheads of pure spermaceti; and then at eighty-two feet depth they struck lard, by which they knew that butter was near; after cutting through six feet of solid leaf lard, they were rewarded by striking butter.

We stopped for dinner at Newton Vanvoorhis', and he took us out to see a huge cave on his farm, from the top of which hung, like icicles, millions of candles, six to the pound.

David Fournier has struck a splendid hole of apples, and is bringing them up by a sand pump—fifteen bushels by the hour; he soon hopes to reach the bottom, where there are indications of a first class article of cider.

We then came down to Simon Wilson's and up the hill to the Baptist church, and then down towards Hiram Rabes'. Here we saw a soap grease bog, and the hill so slippery with the little rivulets of oil oozing out, that a man might turn back his coat tails, sit down, and slide down the hill two miles and a half, without friction enough to make his pantaloons need a patch.

Stopped in to see our good old friend, Wm. Wickerham, who struck a vein of fine castor oil, and the boys were out on the farm hunting for a tree that bore ready-made glass bottles, with the corks in and gilt-edged labels on.

We came down on the river, past Mr. Kernan's, who hallooed to us as we passed that he had discovered the hill to be solid rock candy, and wanted to know if we would like to lease half an acre for one million dollars. Told him we hadn't the change along with us. So we jogged along home, and took down these imperfect notes from memory. We have omitted some things, but not many.

☞ "Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

SERENADE.

To be Sung in a Slouched Hat and Spanish Cloak, with a Guitar, and a Flute Obligato.

The words printed in italics in the following song are intended to represent the accompaniment of wind and stringed instruments:—

List, Angeline, list!
For the stars are shining bright,
And they say to you,
Oh—*tootle tootle too.*
Angelina, dear, good night!

The heron has gone to rest
On the banks of the Tweed *le deedle dee,*
And the thrush and the linnet
Have flown this minute
To the tree, to the *tum tum* tree!

This, *diddle dum, diddle dum,*
This, *diddle dum, diddle dido,*
This is the melodie
Of your fond fido!

REFRAIN APHASSIONATE.

List, Angelina, list!
For the stars are shining bright,
They say to you,
Oh—*tootle tootle too,*
They cry to thee
Oh—*tootle tootle tee*
Diddle diddle diddle dear, good night!

TOBY'S EXPERIENCE WITH A BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

The *Oxford (Miss.) Intelligencer* tells the following story:—

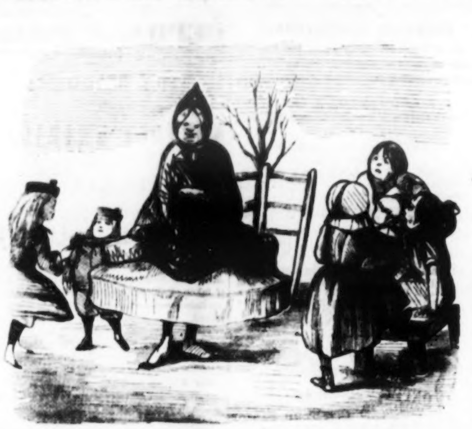
Toby is a high private. His company is armed with the breech-loading Maynard rifle, "warranted to shoot twelve times a minute, and to carry a ball effectually 1,600 yards." Men who fought at Monterey and Buena Vista call the new fangled thing a "pop-gun." To test its efficacy, Toby's captain told the men they must "try their guns." In obedience to command, Toby procured the necessary munitions of war, and started with his "pop-gun" for the woods. Saw a squirrel up a very high tree—took aim—fired. Effects of shot immediate and wonderful. Tree effectually stripped, and nothing of the squirrel to be found except three broken hairs. "Pop-gun" rose in value—equal to a four pounder. But Toby wouldn't shoot towards any more trees—afraid of being arrested for cutting down other people's timber. Walked a mile and a quarter to get sight of a hill. By aid of a small telescope, saw hill in distance: saw large rock on hill; put in big load; shut both eyes—fired. As soon as breath returned, opened eyes; could see, just could, but couldn't hear; at least couldn't distinguish any sounds; thought Niagara had broke loose, or all out doors gone to drum beating. Determined to see if shot hit. Borrowed horse and started towards hill. After travelling two days and nights, reached place; saw setting sun shining through the hill. Knew right away that was where the shot hit. Went closer—stumbled over rocky fragments scattered for half a mile in line of bullet. Come to hole—knew the bullet hit there, because saw lead on the edges—walked in and walked through; saw teamster on the other side "indulging in profane language;" in fact, "cussin considerable" because lightning had killed his team. Looked as finger directed—saw six dead oxen in line with hole through the mountain; knew that was the bullet's work, but didn't say so to angry teamster. Thought best to be leaving; in consequence, didn't explore path of bullet any further; therefore, don't know where it stopped; don't know whether it stopped at all; in fact, rather think it didn't. Mounted horse; rode back through the hole made by the bullet; but never told captain a word about it; to tell the truth, was rather afraid he'd think it a hoax. "It's a right big story, boys," said Toby, in conclusion, "but it's true, sure as shooting."

A SUPPLY OF FLAGS.—Let us have all the good stories about the war, that may come to hand, even though they *are* lies, most of them. The last story is about Dan Rice, who has been down the Mississippi on a steamboat he had chartered, with his company, and who has just returned to the free States. According to the report, Dan says it was "hard skinning" in Southern waters, and he declines returning there at present. His steamer was armed with fifty muskets and two cannon—rather a formidable armament for a circus-van! At one place he was arrested, and escaped with some difficulty. Off the Cumberland river he saw a steamer stealing away from him. As a "good joke" he fired a shot across her bow, followed by another. The clerk of the strange steamer rushed up in his shirt sleeves, and waved a secession flag. Dan fired another shot, when the clerk disappeared, and another man ran up the Stars and Stripes. Dan then let him go in peace.

TRUE HEROISM.—The man who walks the streets with unruffled brow and peaceful heart, though his business is ruined, his prospects beclouded, and his family reduced to want, who maintains his integrity amid the perilous temptations of the hour, and bravely, hopefully struggles against these stern adversities, upborne by an unyielding faith in Providence, is a hero.

And in yonder room where that poor pale-faced girl, through long weary days and dreary nights, with aching eyes and wasting frame, bravely battles off gaunt starvation, or flouting infamy, with no other weapons than a trusting heart and a little needle, there is one of God's great heroines.

TREADING ON LADIES' TOES.—It will be interesting to lovers to know exactly the difference between a kiss and a treading on the toe—as to the time each demonstration takes, that is to say, in making the lady aware of it. Science has lately decided that the nervous sensation travels one hundred and ninety-five feet in a second, and that a touch on the cheek, therefore, is communicated to the brain one-thirtieth of a second sooner than the pressure on the toe.



BRIDGET WILL NOT BE BEHIND THE YOUNG LADIES, BUT FOLLOWS THE FASHIONS WITH THE BEST OF THEM.

BOGUS INDUSTRY.—The author of Photographs of Paris Life, one day, on asking a young girl what her occupation was, was told by way of reply:—

"I am an *avanceuse d'ouvrage* (advancer of work.")

"And what, pray, is that?"

"Why, you see, monsieur, there are an immense number of ladies who begin all sorts of fancy work—crochet, worsted-work, or knitting, and such things, on which they work in the evening, when the husband goes out to the club, the opera, or any other place to which madame does not happen to accompany him. The lady, perhaps, has an engagement of her own, to which, as soon as monsieur is out of the house, she flies. The work is brought to me, or I go and fetch it; and the next morning, right early, I take it back. After breakfast madame exhibits triumphantly her work of the evening before, and monsieur praises her industry, never dreaming that madame was amusing herself, and that other hands had made the evident progress in the work."

AN APPARENT SINGULARITY ACCOUNTED FOR.—It is generally well known that birds are very active agents in the extension of vegetation, and that fruit and flowers are, to a great extent rendered prolific by the insects which visit their blossoms; but few people are aware of the means through which fish are formed in lakes and ponds which are not connected with other waters. Here, also, an insect is the principal agent. The large water beetle, which is in the habit of feeding upon the spawn of fish, occasionally in the evening climbs up the stems of bushes, &c., out of the water sufficiently high to enable it to take wing. In these circumstances it has been caught, and on being put into the water, has been found to give out the spawn with which it had gorged itself previous to taking flight, both in a digested and undigested state; so that on trial it has been found that it produced fish of various kinds.

KEEPING THE LAW.—There was an old Quaker, who had an unfortunate reputation of non-resistance. It was said that any one could jostle him, tread on his toes, or tweak his nose, with impunity; until one day a blustering bar-room loafer, being told that yonder was a man who, if he was smitten on one cheek, would turn the other also, thought it would be sport to try him. Stepping up to the sturdy, good-natured Friend, he slapped his face. The old man looked at him sorrowfully for a moment, then slowly turned his other cheek, and received another buffet. Upon that he coolly pulled off his coat.

"I have cleared the law," said he, "and now thee must take it."

And he gave the fellow a tremendous thrashing.

CHURCH POLITENESS.—Says a correspondent of the Christian Chronicle:—"Why do men jump up and display themselves in the aisle, when a woman comes to the pew after they are seated? I have travelled over more than a dozen European countries, and never saw the thing done. Polite Englishmen ridicule us for it. That this practice disturbs the solemnity of worship is clear. That it gives the lady no advantage is also clear."

☞ Lord Campbell said he himself heard a judge at Stafford thus sentence a prisoner to death for forgery:—"And I trust, through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may experience that mercy in another world, which *a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to hope for here.*"

☞ Among the smaller duties of life, I hardly know any one more important than that of not praising where praise is not due. Reputation is the coin of genius, and it is the imperious duty of every man to bestow it with the most scrupulous justice and the wisest economy.

☞ The man everybody likes is generally a fool. The man nobody likes is generally a knave. The man who has friends who would die for him, and foes who would love to see him broiled alive, is usually a man of some worth and force.

☞ "Except God keeps the minds of men," Bishop Butler once asked, "what is to prevent a nation from going crazy any more than an individual?"

THAT Pow'r above, who makes mankind its care,
May bless us most, when it rejects our pray'r!

☞ If we only said one-half of the witty things that, on reflection, we feel we might, and ought to, have said, what clever fellows we should be.

THE VIKINGS.—The following note, from Laing's Introduction to his translation of The Heimskringla, or Chronicle of the Sea Kings of Norway, gives the derivation and meaning of the word Vikings—the name of the famous sea rovers of Norway:—

Viking and Sea King are not synonymous, although, from the common termination in *king*, the words are used, even by our historians, indiscriminately. The Sea King was a man connected with a royal race, either of the small kings of the country, or of the *Haarfager* family, and who by right received the title of a king as soon as he took the command of men, although only of a single ship's crew, and without having any land or kingdom. The *Viking* is a word connected with the work *kongr* or *king*. *Vikings* were merely pirates, alternately peasants and pirates, deriving the name of *viking* from the *viks, wicks*, or inlets, on the coast in which they harbored with their long ships or rowing galleys. Every Sea King was a Viking, but every Viking was not a Sea King.

THE KING'S GIFT.—Louis XI., when young, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him with his little present, a turnip, the produce of his own garden, of an extraordinary size. The King, smiling, remembered the hours of pleasure he had passed with him, and ordered a thousand crowns to be given to him. The lord of the village, hearing of his liberality, thought within himself—"If this peasant gets a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present his Majesty with a handsome horse, and my fortune is made." Arriving at court, he very politely requested the King's acceptance of one. Louis highly praised the steed, and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the King exclaimed—"Bring me my turnip!" and added, as he presented it to the nobleman, "there, this cost me a thousand crowns, I give it to you in return for your horse."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—When Ibrahim Pacha visited the Bank of England, some years ago, he seemed somewhat disgusted with the governor. That gentleman put a roll of notes into the Pacha's hand, and told him their value was £1,000,000 sterling. His highness, with a chuckle, was about to consign them to the pocket of his capacious trowsers, when the governor made a snatch at them, and put them into the drawer again; the pacha very naturally thought them a *backsheesh*, or present. The interpreter failed in pacifying his master, who made a remark in the Egyptian vernacular, equivalent to the English sentiment, that "it was a scaly trick."

☞ Most fishes are quick in their movements—the salmon, for instance, can swim at the rate of twenty-five feet in a second, and can with ease pass over twenty to twenty-five miles in an hour.

☞ The swan subdues the eagle when he attacks her on her own element; so the weakest may subdue his strongest foe if he will but keep his place and do his duty.

Agricultural.

RAISING CALVES.

As it is now about the time when farmers are commencing to raise their calves, I thought that I would give my mode of management with calves. The calf should never be allowed to suck the cow at all, but let her lick it until it is dry enough to handle; then milk the cow, and commence feeding the calf by letting him suck your fingers until you can get his head into the pail, and get him drawing the milk nicely. Then draw your fingers gradually from his mouth, letting them cover the end of his nose. If he continue to drink, then gently remove your hand, but if he throws up his head, repeat the same process again until he will drink without it. This is the best time to learn calves to drink, for I have had them sometimes at the second feeding put their head down and drink without touching them. Beside, the calf, after he is one month old, may run in the same pasture with the cow, and he will not know how to suck.

Where several calves are kept together it is very desirable to prevent them from sucking one another's ears, just after they have been feed. My way to prevent this is to fix some little stanchions—have one stationary, and one fixed to drop back while the calf puts its head through—then crowd it up and fasten it with a pin, in the same way as is sometimes used in stables to fasten cattle. When the calves are all fastened in this way feed them at your leisure, and let them stand until their noses get dry, and there will be no sucking of ears when they are let loose.—*J. B., in Country Gent.*

The best way to raise a calf, if we look to the interest of the calf alone, is to let it run three months with the cow in a good pasture, and then wean altogether. The next best, to let it take from the cow so much as you can spare, and give other food as soon as it will learn to eat of itself.—*Ed. Farmer.*

SHEARING SHEEP.

Few know how to shear sheep properly. The following hints will be useful:

First—In shearing time do not pen your sheep more than half a day at a time. To do so makes them weak, irritable and difficult to shear.

Second—I think the best plan to shear is on a platform sixteen or eighteen inches high. The sheep should sit on the table, and rest its back and head on the left leg; the left leg is on the table, the right one on the floor. Commence cutting the wool at the brisket, shearing along the belly, letting the wool roll to the left, where it will be out of the way. When this is done shear the flank, then commencing at the point of the shoulder, and run the shears to the right ear; shear the neck to the left ear, and the left side as far as the back-bone. Now change sides with the sheep, standing the right foot on the table, and finish the neck. Now shear the right side, finishing on the right hind leg. In this way the fleece is kept whole; the sheep is turned but little, thus avoiding struggling, tearing of fleece and injury to the animal.

Within the last eight years I have sheared five thousand sheep, without having a fleece kicked to pieces, and seldom cut a sheep; there is no excuse for cutting a fat sheep. When badly cut they will always kick, and then the shearer will pound them with his shears or fist. The kinder you treat sheep, the better they behave. Many wool growers want their sheep sheared very close to the hide, but this is not well for the sheep, nor for the next growth of wool. When sheared close the hot sun injures them materially.—*Ohio Farmer.*

ROSE INSECTS.—To cure all these ills the rose is heir to it is only necessary to syringe the plants, say once in two weeks, with an infusion of *ailanthus leaves*, which I have made in the following manner, but which may probably be improved upon by varying the quantities: Take as many young leaves or shoots of ailanthus as can be pressed into half the depth of a common pail. Pour on boiling water till the pail is full. Let the water stand fifteen minutes, then pour it off, and add to it about thrice the quantity of clean water, which use when cold. Syringe thoroughly, particularly under the leaves, and begin early in the season, before the enemy has his vantage ground taken.

ROSE BUGS.—I have never seen a better way to rid trees of these pests than to smoke them. Take an iron vessel, put in old scraps of leather; as the smoke is very offensive to them, they will soon leave the tree; by giving it a good smoking they will not return. These fellows, as soon as they have shed their yellow wings, attack horses—being the small horse-fly which is so bothersome through the summer.

Useful Receipts.

FRITTERS OF MEAT, POULTRY, FISH, AND FRUITS.—The following is thirty receipts in one:—Put a pound of the crumb of bread to soak in cold water; take the same quantity of any kind of boiled or roasted meat, a little fat, which chop in dice rather fine; press the water out of the bread; put in the pan two ounces of butter, lard, or dripping, with two teaspoonsful of chopped onions; fry two minutes, add the bread, stir with a wooden spoon until rather dry, then add the meat, season with a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a little grated nutmeg, if handy; stir till quite hot; then add two eggs, one at a time, mix very quick, and pour on dish to cool.

Then roll it into the shape of small eggs, then in flour; egg them and bread-crumb; fry a nice yellow color; serve plain, or with any sharp or other sauce you fancy.

Innumerable are the receipts that can be made in this way: in fact, from everything that is eatable, and at any season of the year—from the remains of meat, poultry, game, fish, and vegetables, using the same amount of seasoning. Bread soaked in milk is better.

The same can be done with chopped dried fruits, and preserved fruits, using a quarter of a pound more bread; fry, and sift powdered sugar and cinnamon over. Cream may be used for fruits or curds.

They may also be fried in batter, like fritters, instead of bread-crumbs.

There is no end to what may be done with these receipts. They may be fried, and when cold, put between paste, cut into nice pieces of any shape, and baked. They can be ornamented, and made worthy the table of the greatest epicure, if the bread be soaked in cream, and spirits or liquor introduced into them.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

BED BUGS AND COCKROACHES.—Procure from an apothecary half a pound of dried calamus root, boil it in two quarts of vinegar, and leave it to steep all night. With this decoction thoroughly wash the bedsteads. I have never known this remedy to fail in cleansing the bedsteads, but if there is any reason to fear that the insects have made their way behind the papers of the rooms, as is sometimes the case where they exist in great numbers in an old house, I believe they can only be exterminated by tearing down the papers, and either whitewashing or painting the walls, according to choice.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 8, 6, 17, 11, is a precious metal.
My 16, 14, 18, 5, is what most men have a desire to do.
My 22, 14, 7, is a very mischievous animal.
My 9, 19, 12, 21, 22, is an animal which is valued for its fur.
My 3, 18, 16, 13, 15, is an imponderable agent.
My 2, 6, 20, is a name mentioned in the Bible.
My 12, 1, 3, 3, 14, 13, 1, 4, 23, 21, 21, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 10, 14, 4, 23, is a name for young ladies.
My whole is a true saying.
J. B. Y. and R. A. S.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 2, 3, is a pronoun.
My 22, 12, 23, 24, 13, lives in the sea.
My 25, 10, 21, 25, 18, 11, 5, 9, 17, is what all should have.
My 4, 16, 26, 7, 11, is what ladies do.
My 18, 2, 23, 15, 24, 13, 6, is a boy's name.
My 19, 23, 8, is what every one does.
My 14, 9, 1, 23, 11, 20, is a vegetable.
My 14, 20, 24, 23, 15, is the name of a sea.
My whole caused a great sensation throughout the United States. H. V. STEWART.
Battle Creek.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 6, 4, 7, 14, is a city of France.
My 14, 1, 6, 13, 11, is a country of Europe.
My 6, 4, 6, 9, is a sea of Asia.
My 2, 4, 5, 2, is one of the great lakes.
My 5, 4, 3, 11, is a mountain in Missouri.
My 6, 9, 1, 14, are a range of mountains in Europe.
My 1, 12, is a river of Europe.
My 6, 14, 10, 6, is a division of the Eastern Continent.
My 11, 5, 8, 2, is a river of Africa.
My whole is a town in the West.
Richmond, Ind. L. T. GREGG.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 16, 4, 6, 14, is an animal that inhabits the sea.
My 20, 12, 10, is a metal.
My 14, 12, 18, 10, is an animal found in Africa.
My 16, 20, 17, 14, 6, 9, 5, is a lake in North America.
My 1, 4, 10, 13, 5, 6, 14, is a part of my whole.
My 20, 5, 18, 8, 13, 7, is used by masons.
My 11, 18, 5, 20, is a place of protection.
My 7, 6, 10, 13, is one of the United States Senators.
My 14, 9, 3, 17, 18, 7, 10, occupies a high position in the United States.
My 19, 18, 6, 15, is a reptile.
My 13, 10, 1, 9, 3, 4, is connected with all railroads.
My 16, 19, 6, 20, 2, is a street in Chicago.
My whole is a celebrated American soldier.
La Porte, Indiana. THIN SPACE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

My first is a conjunction;
My second is what many Christians do;
My third no boy is to his uncle.
My whole is a great man.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a lake in Africa.
Is a group in the Pacific.
Is an island on the map of North America.
Is a lake in Scotland.
Is a mount in South America.
Is a town in China.
Is a cape on the coast of Central America.
My initials form a range of mountains in the Old World, my finals place of situation.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

COMPOSED BY S. S. LAIRD.

My first is a long headless nail;
My second is a ship's landing.
My whole was an officer in the French and Indian war.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two numbers the sum of which is 68, and their product is 1,092. What are the two numbers?

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I wish to give an example; the shadow of a tree measures 42 feet; a staff 40 inches in length cast a shadow 18 inches at the same time. What is the height of the tree above mentioned?

ASA WITHERELL.
Moira, Franklin Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ If a young lady was entering a convent, and a feeling of regret came over her, what kind of regret would you call it? Ans.—An unavailing, (*a-nun-a-vailing!*)

☞ Why is life the riddle of riddles? Ans.—Because we must all give it up.

☞ When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business? Ans.—When he's giving a swimming lesson.

☞ Why is heedlessness like a ragged coat? Ans.—It is a bad habit.

☞ When does a good-natured man resemble a soldier on parade? Ans.—When he stands a tease, (at ease.)

☞ Why are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church? Ans.—Because they get good for nothing.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Farmer's Institute, Clinton, Indiana. CHARADE—(A. R. K.) Ark. OMISSION—Wit and Humor. DOUBLE REBUS—Washington, of Virginia, (Waterloo, Akhaf, Saratov, Hawaii, Integer, Nanling, Guardafui, Trenton, Orful, Nebraska.

☞ Nearly all the bees in the South of England have died this year. A person in the New Forest who had 140 hives has lost every bee.